The Outlook

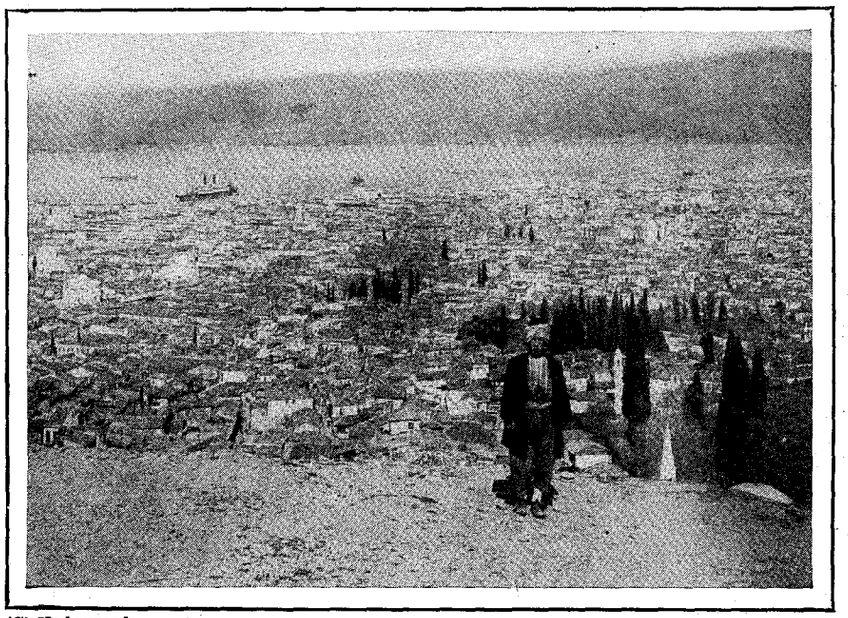
SEPTEMBER 27, 1922

THE DESTRUCTION OF SMYRNA

THE unresisted entrance of Kemal's Nationalist army into Smyrna was followed, as has so often been the case in Turkish victories, by rapine, slaughter, and fire. Smyrna, a city of some 300,000 inhabitants, is little but a heap of ashes and ruins; only a part of the Turkish residence quarter remains untouched; for three days the fires burned practically unchecked. No one knows how many Greeks and Armenians perished. A terror-stricken mob of people sought refuge on the waterfront and overcrowded the foreign ships in the harbor. The American war vessels there, we are glad to report, rendered efficient and humane assistance within their limited power. Foreign schools and institutions, some of them American, went down in the general combustion, but so far as is known American teachers and workers (except perhaps a few naturalized American citizens) escaped alive and are actively engaged in relief work.

There is danger that, in the centering of interest in the grave international issues raised by Greece's overwhelming defeat, attention may be diverted from the humanitarian side of the problem. Whatever else is done, the Powers should take steps to prevent the recurrence of massacre and devastation in the Near East. In this America has a right and duty to be heard, both because of the extent of our benevolent and commercial interests and because American lives are involved. We shall unquestionably join also in the needed relief work.

We should also let our National protest be heard as to the crimes committed against civilization and humanity under the guise of warfare. From time immemorial Turkish victories have meant massacre, cruelty, and slavery, and Kemal's triumph is no exception to the historical record. It is reported that the Assembly of the League of Nations, after listening to an earnest plea from Dr. Nansen, indicated that it could only by resolution express "an ardent desire" that something be done. In some way the world must put a stop to barbaric slaughter in the Near East, and our responsibility and duty did not lapse because we do not take a part in the political and territorial questions involved. The Kemalist Parliament is reported as asking that the League of Nations and a neutral commission investigate the atrocity charges.



(C) Underwood

THE CITY AND HARBOR OF SMYRNA BEFORE THE CONFLAGRATION

WHAT WILL TURKEY GAIN?

THE story is told by Mr. Cunliffe-Owen in the New York "Times" that three hundred years ago, after a disastrous war, the Sultan of Turkey ordered to be recited in every mosque this prayer, "May the Angel of Discord, who has always been our ally, come again to our aid, and confound our enemies." Once again indecision and lack of a united purpose among the Powers have put the Turkish armies into a threatening position, and will almost certainly gain for Turkey important concessions. We hear very little now of the demand, so strong just after the Great War, that Turkey must be put out of Europe and kept out. Greece has been allowed, and by Great Britain encouraged, to occupy territory in Asia Minor; she has been driven out and disgracefully beaten; no one doubts that Turkey will hold on to Anatolia. There is a strong probability that she will receive concessions in Thrace, and she is clamorously demanding Adrianople and supremacy in Constantinople itself.

If one thing is patent, it is that the old Entente Powers must cease their shifty indecision and secret promotion of individual ambitions and unite in a common policy. Russia openly favors Kemal and threatens to aid him; with the Russo-German treaty signed at Genoa in mind, there are future possibilities of a German, Russian, and Turkish combination in Near East affairs that may not be disregarded. "A reinvigorated Entente is needed to face a reinvigorated Turkey," says one writer.

On one point the Entente Powers should join: that the Dardanelles and the passage to the Black Sea must be kept open, free, and neutralized. Alarmed by Kemal's threats made in the first flush of victory, Great Britain at once instituted a vigorous military policy, landing troops and guns at Chanak (on the Asian side of the Straits), sending large reinforcements to her already large naval force in the Straits, urging the Balkan countries to aid in the defense, and even inviting Australia and Canada to send military contingents. The attitude of some classes in Great Britain was less warlike, and for two reasons: one was the evident dislike of a large part of the British press and people to anything like a new war; the second was the expressed belief of France and Italy that a peaceable agreement might be reached around a council table.

General Townshend, of Kut-el-Amara fame, is reported as saying that England must "get out" of the Near East; he is one of those who fear the effect of a strong policy on Mohammedans in India and Egypt. On September 19 it was officially stated in London, after a Cabinet meeting, that Great Britain will defend the Dardanelles alone if the other Powers refuse to join, while Kemal has had the audacity to ask that his army occupy Thrace during peace negotiations.

The real danger point is the part of

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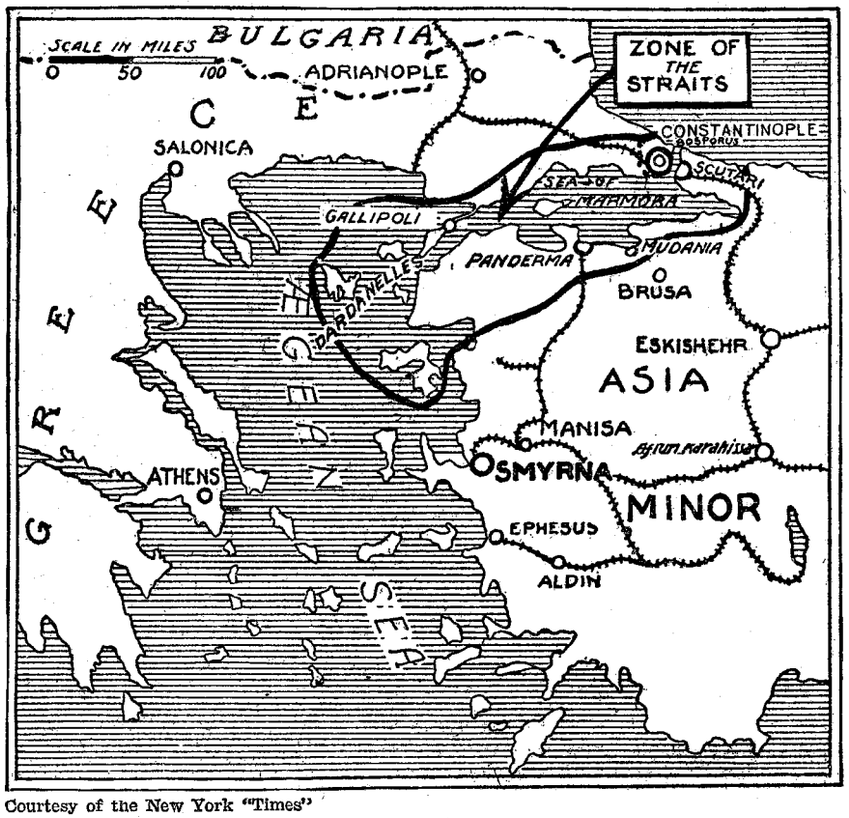

Courtesy of the New York "Times"

THE STRAITS, THE NEUTRALIZED ZONE, AND SMYRNA

Angora, the seat of Kemal's Nationalist Government, is about 150 miles east of Eskishehr

the neutral zone that lies in Asia—clearly shown on the map printed on this page. Kemal's troops have in some instances overstepped the neutral line; if his army enters the zone in force on the plea that it should be part of Turkey's Asian possession, a difficult and dangerous situation may arise. The indication as we write is that the whole Near East question will be taken up quickly by a conference of the nations involved.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE

Is there danger of another general European war? This question has been anxiously asked since the present crisis arose. It seems unthinkable and is certainly highly improbable, but there are peculiar dangers in the situation; and the way to avoid serious complications is to recognize them and deal with them.

A special correspondent of The Outlook now in Europe, Mr. W. C. Gregg, cables us as follows:

"England has done so much to thwart France in her expectations from the Versailles Treaty that she is fearful of the loyalty of France in the Turkish trouble. Almost frantic appeals appear in British newspapers for Allied unity. England and France make a poor double team. This fact more than anything else threatens the peace of Europe. Safety lies in the understanding which France has with Poland and the Little Entente. If this is a real military combination under French leadership, the peace of Europe will probably not be disturbed by an attempted German comeback. Any reasons for further European wars are offset by political confusion, lack of preparedness, and by the French army, which at this moment is the principal safeguard of civilization."

POLITICAL HOPES: BLASTED AND BLOSSOMED

The Democratic hope that Senator Lodge might fail of renomination in Massachusetts had little tangible basis. The result of the primary by which he was nominated by a three-to-one vote bore out the predictions of all observers familiar with conditions in Massachusetts. For Governor, Massachusetts chose to renominate the present holder of that office, Channing H. Cox. Governor Cox's opponent was Attorney-General J. Weston Allen, who did such good work in securing the disbarment of District Attorneys Tufts and Pelletier for using the machinery of government for private extortion.

If the Democrats are disappointed in the renomination of Senator Lodge, they ought to be pleased over the defeat of Cole Blease for the Governorship of South Carolina. It is probably a tragic confession of editorial ignorance to admit that we know very little of the record of his victorious opponent, Mr. Thomas G. McLeod. To know that Cole Blease has been defeated is, however, adequate ground for congratulating the State of South Carolina.

The present Governor of Georgia, Thomas W. Hardwick, has been beaten for renomination by Clifford L. Walker. Five years ago Governor Hardwick was Senator from Georgia and was beaten for re-election mainly because President Wilson threw his influence against him. In the present contest he apparently owes his defeat to his former ally, Thomas E. Watson, of vitriolic pen and the United States Senate. Governor Hardwick also incurred the hostility of the Ku Klux Klan by his praiseworthy attempt to make that organization of misguided nativists unmask.

AN ARMY, NOT AN ASSOCIATION

The Salvation Army is unique among benevolent associations in that it is under the absolute rule of one man. As in every other army, the General commands; the officers and soldiers obey. That great genius, William Booth, built the organization on the army type because he saw the possibilities of discipline, obedience, the uniform, and the band—militancy, in short. In many ways the plan has worked marvelously well. The Salvation Army has fought a good fight; one does not have to agree with its theological tenets (few, perhaps, know or care precisely what they are) nor to find its methods always dignified; what matters is that it has been of vast helpfulness in seeking out those who are sick, poor, and hopeless—whether in body, mind, or soul—and bringing to them Christian brotherhood and aspiration.

Under the direction of Commander Evangeline Booth the Salvation Army in America has made remarkable advances in numbers, in efficiency, and in popular esteem. It is, we believe, the largest existing branch of the Army. Its war work was beyond praise. Literally it befriended the American soldier; and no American soldier who saw its work in France will ever fail to remember its friendly spirit. While its capital and property holdings are said to have increased by $22,000,000 under Commander Booth's direction, an astoundingly large percentage of the income received goes directly to the needy and to actual work; the officers, from Commander Booth down, receive, above actual expenses, what would be called pitifully small pay were it not that every one knows that they literally give themselves, and that their devotion is unbounded.

In view of what the Army has accomplished, it would be rash to say that hereditary supremacy has not been wise

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TO SHOW HOW COSTLY SUMMER WAS

(Merchant of Venice, Act II, Scene 9)

Cassel in the Knoxville Sentinel

WHO SAID THE PUBLIC IS IGNORED?

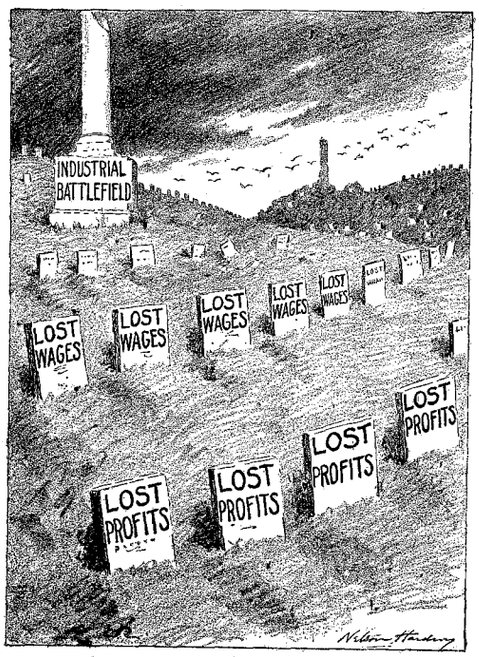
From Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

Kirby in the New York World

PERFECT TEAM WORK

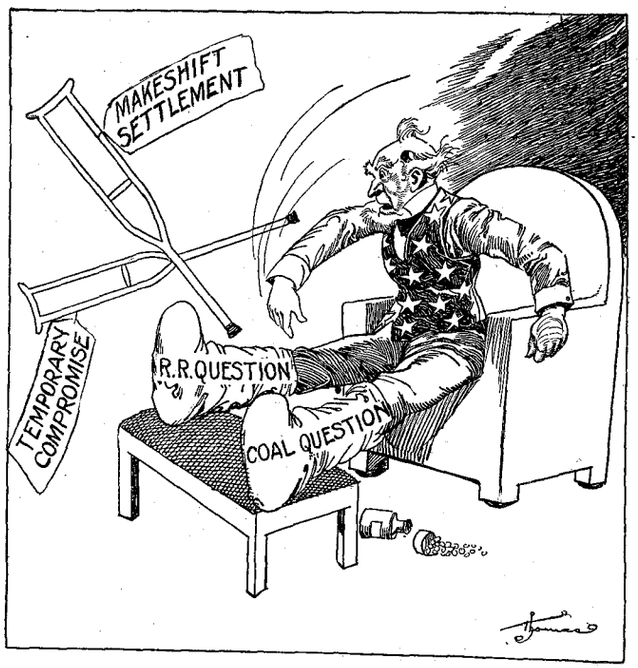
From Joseph B. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



THE WASTE OF WAR

Thomas in the Detroit News



"I DON'T WANT CRUTCHES—I WANT A PERMANENT CURE!"

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for this special form of activity. But it is natural for American laymen to wonder whether an infusion of democracy in government might not be desirable here.

When, the other day, Commander Evangeline Booth, head of the Salvation Army in America, received from her brother in London, Commander-in-Chief Bramwell Booth, polite and appreciative marching orders, she accepted them without a word of complaint; she is a good soldier; she knows how to obey. In due time she will return to England to accept any command or work assigned her. It is reputed that General Booth proposes himself to supervise from London the American organization through the co-operation here of three Commissioners, in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. All this is quite correct legally and quite within the rules and methods of the organization. But again the American layman may express the hope that the head of the Army and his staff will give due emphasis to the fact that the great body of the Army on this side of the water is American and that practically all the money contributed is American and that care will be taken to assure the public that American ideals and wishes will be considered in the management of the Army. It was largely the feeling that this was not the case which led to the split in the organization about twenty-five years ago.

CHINA AND AMERICAN SECTARIANISM

At the recent National Christian Conference in Shanghai it was reported that 120 different religious communions from the Occidental world are now working in the Oriental republic. Native Christians are tired of explaining to the people why Southern Methodists are found in Northern China. Translating such words as Baptist, Episcopal, and Presbyterian leads to results that rejoice the facetious but which do not contribute to edification. People who are critical of mission boards may understand a little better why denominationalism continues in China by a study of recent history among the Disciples of Christ. The reports issued at their convention at Winona Lake, Indiana, the first week in September, and the discussion of these reports, throw a great light upon the problem. From the face of the documents it seems that Disciples missionaries, who were immersionists at home, have not been very zealous in pushing the denominational dogma beyond the sea. Chinese Presbyterians and other pedobaptists moving into a district where only Disciples churches were found were received as Christian brethren and put to work. They became church officers and were even employed

(C) Underwood

DONALD B. MACMILLAN

as mission workers. So little account did the missionaries take of denominational distinction that they in some instances reported these unimmersed people as members. A conservative minister of America visited the mission fields last year with an interpreter, and these facts were brought to the attention of the American constituency in an unmistakable way, compelling the mission board to admit most of the allegations, and to try to explain them.

The Disciples of Christ at Winona Lake have answered the demand of the Shanghai Conference of native Christians with denial of their request for Christian union. The missionaries are warned that if they take pedobaptists into the native churches as full members they will be recalled, though as a compromise measure the board has replied to an inquiry from the Rev. E. K. Higdon in the Philippines that he may believe in "open membership" if he will agree not to practice it without the consent of his board. That the board is disposed to be as generous as its constituency will permit is seen in the indorsement of the practice of enrolling "guest members" from other communions. If the missionaries do their duty, they must make these "guest members" know that such members are deficient in the matter of baptism from the Disciples standpoint.

Very few Disciples missionaries who have been on the field in the face of naked paganism care much for the theological disputes at home. They see that the only hope of the infant Christian movement in China is co-operation and the erasure of all denominational labels. Chinese leaders have served notice that they will have none of our Occidental denominationalism when they are able to support the Christian movement without foreign money. Christianity halts in China not because of narrow-minded native leadership in that land, nor because of bigoted missionaries, perhaps not very much on account of ignorant board members at home. It is the sectarian preacher in America who threatens to boycott the missionary task when it gets too liberal who is responsible. Only as broad-minded laymen in the churches are able to modify this noisy sectarianism will China win the chance to become Christian.

NEW POLAR GEOGRAPHY

The return of the Arctic explorer Donald MacMillan from his year's voyage in the Arctic seas is an interesting event in the world of science and exploration. As in his former expeditions, Dr. MacMillan has brought back valuable contributions to our knowledge of that portion of the ice-bound sea which has never been thoroughly explored. The value of such observation is not of a sensational character but it is no less serious and important.

The region just explored by Dr. MacMillan is on the upper and western coast of Baffin Bay. It now appears that the geography of this region has always been incorrectly charted on the maps. The MacMillan expedition succeeded in penetrating further into these unknown regions than anyone but the Eskimo has ever gone. It will be remembered that five years ago this explorer returned after four years spent in the Arctic the result of which was to disprove the existence of the supposed Crocker Land. It appeared that what was supposed by Admiral Peary to be a newly found stretch of land was in fact the effect of a mirage. Now Dr. MacMillan reports that the entire map of the coastline of Baffin Bay will have to be revised. It has been charted on maps in accordance with the reports of an explorer commonly known as "Northwestern Fox." His dash in this vicinity was made three hundred years ago, and no one since that time has penetrated so far along that coast. Now MacMillan has followed Fox's road and gone considerably beyond it, and, as was almost to be expected, he finds that Fox's charts abound in error.

It is interesting to report that under the modern and scientific methods of exploration carried out by this expedition and recommended by Peary and Stefansson it was conducted with perfect safety and comparative comfort.

There are great possibilities of discoveries that may be of practical value in the far north. Even if this were not so, there is something in the nature of mankind which will never be satisfied

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until the whole surface of the earth is thoroughly explored and mapped.

THE TENNIS CROWN STAYS PUT

THE tennis crown of America still rests on the head of William T. Tilden, 2d, of Philadelphia. In the recent national tournament at Germantown, Pennsylvania, Tilden fought out the finals with William M. Johnston, of California. The present trophy had been twice won by each of the finalists, and this year's victory gives Tilden permanent possession.

The experiment was made in this year's tournament of "seeding the draw," instead of leaving the arrangement of the players entirely to fortune. The most noteworthy contestants were planted through the list in order to preserve as far as possible the best contests for the last. The scheme, which brought Tilden and Johnston into the final bracket, worked admirably. Johnston took two sets from his opponent, and then Tilden was forced to win three sets straight in order to gain the victory. The come-back of Tilden under such circumstances afforded a thrill which the spectators will not soon forget.

INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACES

THE contest for America's Cup developed into a travesty on one of the greatest of sports. The beautiful and fragile toys developed by that historic event we trust will never be brought forth again. It will be a disappointment if the next challenge from England is not made and accepted under rules which will produce vessels rather than the playthings of millionaires.

Since the last contest for America's Cup there have been two Anglo-American team races of a type which deserve hearty encouragement. Last year four American yachtsmen took their six-meter racers to England and suffered a defeat in British waters. This year four British boats were brought to Long Island Sound for a return match. The American challengers were the victors.

These international races are run on a point basis. The winner of the race is given one point for finishing and one additional point for each beaten contestant. Thus, if eight boats are entered and finish the race, the winner scores eight points for her team, and the second seven, and so on down the line. The present series of six races was won by the Americans by a score of 111 to 104. Even with boats of the six-meter class the sport is not one for those with slender purses. It would be an interesting experiment to attempt to build up an international one-design class. In such a case team matches of even an international character could be held frequently at a minimum of expense, for it would only be necessary for helmsmen and crews to cross the Atlantic to challenge or defend the trophy at stake. By holding enough races so that each helmsman and his crew could sail all of the boats in turn, an absolute equality of conditions could be created.

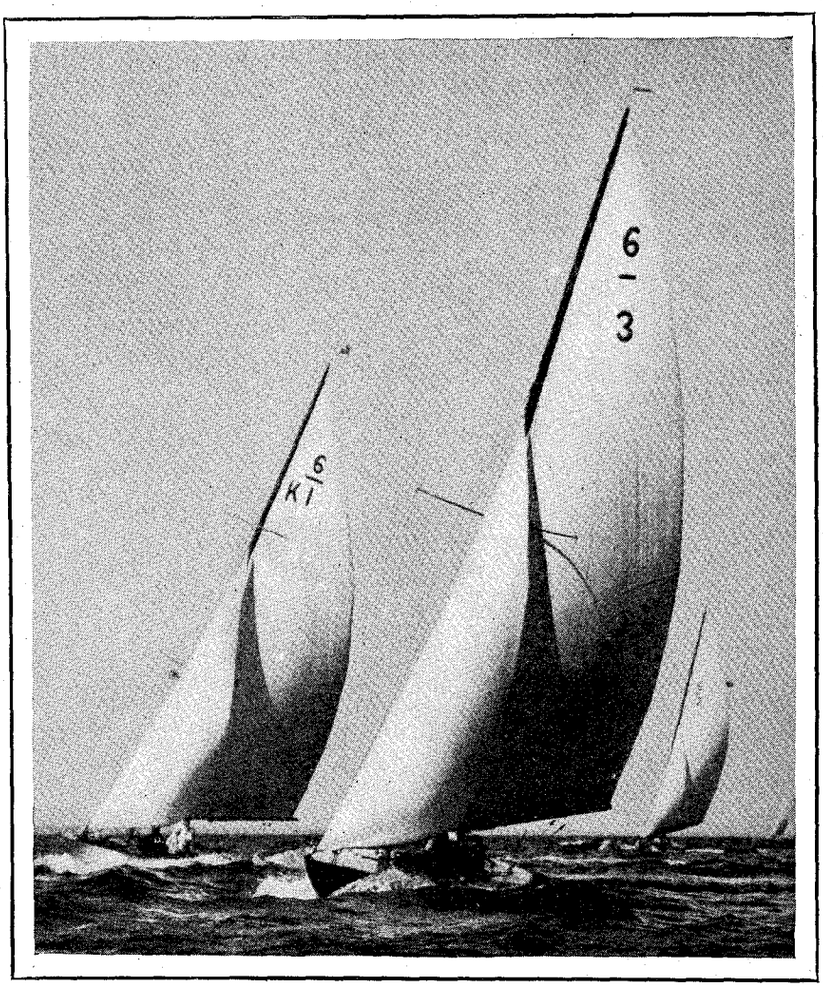

Photo Edwin Levick, N. Y.

GREBE (AMERICAN) LEADING REG (BRITISH) IN THE FINAL DAY OF THE INTERNATIONAL RACES IN LONG ISLAND SOUND OFF OYSTER BAY

The one-design idea has been the making of our small-boat sailing, for it has afforded the best possible training for our young yachtsmen.

It is recognized, of course, that the present method implies both a contest in yacht design as well as yacht handling. To limit an international contest to vessels of one type would eliminate what has been regarded as an important feature of such races; but the gain might more than offset the loss.

LABOR BANKS

IT is hard to understand the curious inconsistency of labor leaders except on the ground that we are all human and are therefore all more or less inconsistent.

While during the past summer the leaders of labor organizations have with one hand been knocking down industry, with the other they have been building it up. There are now nine or ten labor banks in operation in this country—that is to say, banks organized and in the control of trade unions. There is one at Cleveland, Ohio, conducted by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; another at Hammond, Indiana, conducted by the same Brotherhood; a savings bank at Washington, D. C., belonging to the Machinists' Union; a trade union savings bank at Seattle, Washington; the Finnish Mutual Savings Bank, under labor management, at Superior, Wisconsin; and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Bank at Chicago, Illinois. The Order of Railroad Telegraphers has applied for a bank charter in St. Louis, Missouri; a labor bank is planned at Birmingham, Alabama; a labor trust company is reported to be in process of organization in Philadelphia; Pittsburgh is about to have a labor bank; two are planned at Cincinnati, one by the Machinists' Union and one by the Railway Clerks' Union; and labor banks are being organized in San Bernardino, California; Detroit, Michigan; St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minnestota; Kansas City, Missouri; Tucson, Arizona; Spokane, Washington; Dallas, Texas; and Three Forks, Montana.

Of all these banks the pioneer and

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most successful is the Cleveland Bank, of which Mr. Warren Stone, head of the Locomotive Engineers' Brotherhood, is President. The Locomotive Brotherhood Bank at Cleveland, and all the other labor banks, differ not at all under the law from banks generally, but they are introducing some rather novel and interesting methods. The Cleveland Bank, for example, has disturbed some of its competitors in that prosperous city by paying a larger rate of interest for city and county funds than the other banks had agreed to. The result is said, by a well-informed correspondent of The Outlook, to be that the Locomotive Brotherhood bank, although it has a capital of one million dollars and a surplus of one hundred thousand dollars, and is a member of the Federal Reserve System, is not a member of the Cleveland Clearing-House. The Cleveland Bank, 51 per cent of the stock belonging to the Locomotive Brotherhood as an association and 49 per cent being owned by individual members of the Brotherhood, proposes to pay a dividend to stockholders of not over ten per cent when earned, and to distribute its surplus earnings over that amount to depositors in an increased interest rate. This is somewhat of a novelty in banking, and is raising some discussion in Cleveland. We imagine, however, that the depositors are not objecting.

Every believer in thrift and prosperity must welcome the creation and successful administration of these labor banks. The Outlook certainly welcomes them. But they confirm its opinion that trade unions ought to be put under the operation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, exactly like unions of capital. One law for all is what has made the American Federal Reserve banking system a success and what has enabled these labor banks to spring into being. The trade unions which have wisely organized these labor banks should be held as responsible to the law when they combine to restrain trade, as they should be protected by the law when they combine to promote thrift.

PROHIBITION

IN its issue for September 9 the "Literary Digest" summarizes the results of its poll on prohibition. It reports a total vote cast of 922,383 individual ballots. Of these, 38.6 per cent voted for enforcement of the present law; 40.8 per cent for a modification permitting the sale of beer and light wines; and 20.6 per cent for a repeal of the Amendment. The poll was an enterprising and interesting one, but is not quite so significant as it appears on the face of the returns; for we do not believe that those who voted for a modification of the law, so as to permit the consumption of beer and light wines, realize what their vote actually meant.

The Constitution now forbids the manufacture, sale, or importation of intoxicating beverages. The Volstead Act defines as an intoxicating beverage any beverage containing more than one-half of one per cent of alcohol. If the Volstead Act is so modified as to permit the consumption of beer and light wines, which would require at the very least a ten per cent alcoholic content, the country will inevitably have a return of the saloon problem. Beer and light wines must be sold if they are to be consumed. Even if they were not sold for consumption on the premises and the sale were limited to "bottle trade" at groceries or other similar places there would rise triumphant in all its glory the old back-room-grocery barroom—one of the worst phases of the American saloon. If the 40.8 per cent of the "Digest's" voters who want "light wines and beer" had been fairly presented with the indisputable fact that the legal sale of beer and light wines means the revival of the saloon problem, we do not believe it is extravagant to assume that at least half of them would have voted against the saloon.

If our assumption is correct that one-half of those in the "Digest's" poll who voted for modification would have voted against the return of the saloon, the real significance of the poll is that at least sixty per cent of the balloting was in favor of prohibition—prohibition, at least, of the liquor saloon as it used to exist in this country, and as it still exists as a terrible social sore in Great Britain.

In spite of the reports in the daily press of bootlegging, deaths from wood alcohol, and the violation of the law in the clubs and restaurants of the large cities, scientific and impartial statistics prove, we think, that the social and economic results of the operation of the law so far are beneficial. The "Manufacturers' Record," of Baltimore, has issued an exceedingly interesting report of a country-wide inquiry it has made of the effects of prohibition on American industry. An overwhelming majority of the leaders of industry favor it. Postal Savings Bank deposits as well as deposits in regular savings banks, especially in industrial centers, have grown. Crimes and convictions due to drunkenness have decreased. Hospitals report a marked falling off in cases of alcoholism and secondary diseases due to alcoholism. These social and economic gains are not matters of guesswork but of carefully compiled statistics. The "Scientific Temperance Journal," of Boston, published in June a complete, elaborate, and impartial survey of the situation in Massachusetts, and quotes Dr. Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard, a man of scientific type of mind who weighs his words, as saying to the Massachusetts Legislature "Evidence has accumulated on every hand that prohibition has promoted public health, public happiness, and industrial efficiency. This evidence comes from manufacturers, physicians, nurses of all sorts, school, factory, hospital, and district, and from social workers of many races and religions laboring daily in a great variety of fields. This testimony also demonstrates beyond a doubt that prohibition is actually sapping the terrible force of disease, poverty, crime and vice. These results are obtained in spite of the imperfect enforcement in some communities of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution.'

Nation-wide prohibition is a magnificent and unique experiment. Time only, and a fair trial, can demonstrate whether it can be made a permanent success. But it at least deserves a fair trial, and so it seems to us that every man who wishes his family and his country well will by his vote for members of Congress this autumn sustain strict enforcement in order that the men and women of the oncoming generation may have a chance to determine from experience what the permanent policy of the country shall be regarding alcohol as a beverage. We have little doubt that, with fair play and a chance to study actual results over a reasonable period of time, the verdict of the coming generation will be against alcohol, as the verdict of our generation has been against morphine and cocaine.

THE OLD SOAK

ONE of the most fertile imaginations in America is possessed by Mr. Don Marquis, now columnist for the New York "Tribune." The delightful succession of characters which have emerged from Mr. Marquis's brain and served as the vehicles for his philosophies and his antipathies constitutes a most agreeable chapter in the writings of the present day. None of his figures perhaps has yet attained the universal popularity of Mr. Dooley, but many of the creatures of his brain seem almost as much alive as the hero of Archey Road.

News that "The Old Soak," vehicle for Mr. Marquis's antipathy to prohibition and his recognition of both the vices and the imaginary quality of the so-called virtues of alcohol, was to appear on the stage made many theater-goers look for-

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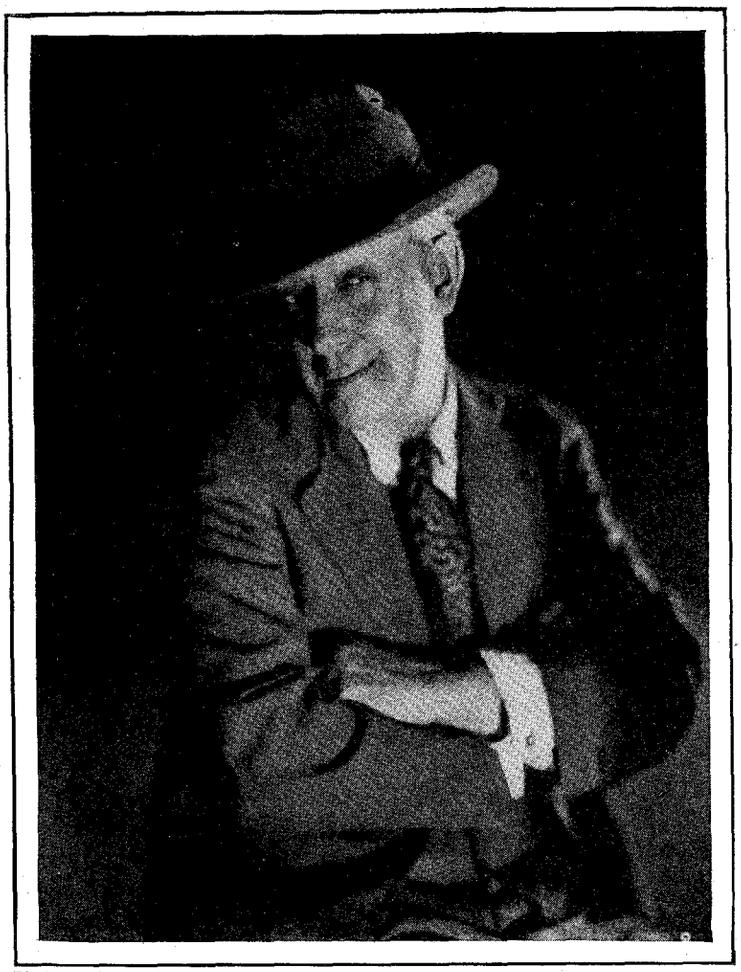

Photograph by Abbe

HARRY BERESFORD AS THE OLD SOAK AT THE PLYMOUTH THEATER, NEW YORK CITY

ward to the opening night with their risibilities on the *qui vive*. From the reception which was awarded the play it is quite obvious that most of the theater-goers were not disappointed in their expectations. The probabilities are that Mr. Marquis's comedy will have a more prosperous career than that of the Old Soak himself.

The play was in some measure a disappointment. The fertility of Mr. Marquis's imagination seemed to have exhausted itself in the creation of the chief character and in some of the dialogue. Both in plot and situation the play is almost wholly lacking in originality. The wealthy and sanctimonious banker, the wayward son, the actress who was better than she seemed—we have met their like many times before. They afford typical examples of the kind of literary characters at which Mr. Marquis himself delights in poking fun. The setting for "The Old Soak" is, in fact, so obviously ready-made that we suspect that Mr. Marquis utilized it with his tongue in his cheek. The obviousness of the setting probably will not detract from the popularity of the play for that large portion of the theater-going public which likes to have the occasions for a tear or a laugh pointed out well in advance. If they run across stock signals to "Smile here," or "Weep now," it makes it all the easier for them to enjoy the progress of the drama under consideration. They will find plenty of sign-posts in Mr. Marquis's dramatization of "The Old Soak."

THE SUPERIOR RIGHT

SECRETARY HERBERT HOOVER has the reputation of being a doer rather than a talker. Yet on occasion he can put a truth of import in as clear and forcible a fashion as any speech-maker of them all. Such an instance was his affirmation of "the superior right of the public" in a recent talk before the Salesmen's Association of the American Chemical Association. He was speaking directly about the coal strikes, since composed by what many think is but a temporary truce—a truce based on realization that the industry can for the present at least furnish high wages and high profits and with precious little reference to the rights of the public for service and fair prices. In plain, round terms Secretary Hoover denounced the outrage to the public's superior right in basic and universal industries at times when "the whole Nation once every two years or less can be pushed to the precipice of want and commercial collapse; when we are brought to consideration of price-fixing against extortion in time of peace; when hundreds of thousands of workers, not only in the industry, but outside of it, are thrown into skimping and starving, and when the Nation is made to suffer the shame of Herrin and rampant crime that has followed in the train of strikes."

Later he defined what he meant by this superior right as "the right of the public to a continuous supply of its vital necessities and services upon terms fair to the employer and employee. When these various rights [collective bargaining, the National basis of unions and employers, and so on] i fringe upon the public right, then the dominant right is public right."

All of this applies to other basic industries as well as to coal. That even in the strikes just settled the public interest has not yet been guarded is indicated by the remark of Senator Cummins on the day when the Senate passed the Coal Anti-Profiteering Bill, after the strike was settled, that "Profiteering is more general now than it has been at any time since the strike. If there ever was an emergency, it is now." How such an industrial war as we have been going through works widespread injury to classes that have nothing whatever to do with inciting or settling railway and coal strikes, is shown from Mr. Hoover's view, expressed on another occasion, that the greatest loss is caused to the farmer who has to accept low prices because the railways cannot transport his crops. So, too, Governor Miller of New York has denounced the obduracy of striking railway shopmen against fair offers of settlement, saying that in effect they declare: "We must maintain our stranglehold until, not our adversary, but the public, is brought to its knees." He asserted that it was such a thing as this that he would make a serious penal offense.

It is for the people at large to declare and enforce this superior right through their elected representatives in Congress and executive office, but also through exercising their industrial intelligence to understand business and economic processes. Some of the considerations involved are discussed in this issue in an article by Mr. Edward Eyre Hunt, which includes some expression of Mr. Hoover's views as to business cycles.

In wars between capital and labor the public is not an indifferent neutral; its resources are exhausted and its rights are outraged.

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A GERMANIZED ENGLISH POLICY

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

THE other night, the "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung"—still a powerful paper—aptly quoted Bismarck's phrase regarding Russia and Austria: "Between these two states the relations can become better or worse; they cannot remain as they are."

I—GERMANY

Ever since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, over three years ago, Germany has unceasingly endeavored to escape the terms it imposed upon her. For instance:

(1) Her real armament is greater than that to which she has a right.

(2) The trial of her war culprits, imposed by the Treaty of Versailles, has been insufficient and in some cases ridiculous.

(3) She has not delivered coal and wood as agreed.

(4) She has lowered her exports and augmented her imports, especially in articles of luxury, instead of limiting those importations to articles of necessity.

(5) In order to show an apparent bankruptcy, the Germans have sent much of their capital to other countries, a leakage estimated at from $1,000,000,000 to $2,000,000,000.

(6) With the same end in view, the German Government has greatly augmented the personnel and therefore the total of salaries in its postal and railway services.

(7) Finally, also with the same end in view, the Government has pursued a policy of lowering the exchange value of its monetary standard by enormous emissions of paper money. It has put forth such a large number of paper billions that its printers must now work their presses continually night and day in a fruitless attempt to provide themselves with an adequate medium of exchange. At present the attempt to keep up takes an incredible number of paper marks.

Hence the German Government has certainly not done all it could to increase its receipts, to lessen its expenses, and to prevent its capital from evading the just demands upon it.

Apparently the Government has adopted three rules of conduct:

First, it does not intend to pay for reparations a single mark more than is actually forced upon it.

Second, it seems to think it quite within its right to create deliberate bankruptcy in order to obtain easier terms from its creditors.

Third, it thinks that all its recent policy will give a prodigious boom to its industry.

Now, however, with the recent great fall in the value of the mark, the German banks can no longer finance German industries in their necessary purchases of raw materials. If there is no upward turn in the situation, there will be an army of the unemployed. Then many stores and shops will close for want of custom. A comparatively small quantity of foodstuffs, if any, will be ordered from abroad. We may hear also of insufficient crops in Germany. There may even be some starvation.

Can the present Government withstand such a crisis? Suppose it cannot and is overthrown? What kind of a government would succeed it? A monarchist and reactionary Government? Or a communist-bolshevist affair? Either would menace not only the execution of the Versailles Treaty but also the actual peace of Europe infinitely more than does the present Government—which should be upheld wherever possible.

Certainly no nation of the Entente wants Germany to escape the punishment she merits for her culpability in starting the World War. But no country wants to reduce Germany to economic or political impotence. If any country wanted to bring about Germany's ruin, it would only have to allow those great German industrialists who have been exploiting the people to go on lowering the value of the mark; or to permit the conspirators, whether monarchists or bolshevists, to continue their daily and nightly work of trying to destroy the present republican régime. No, the Entente is not acting that way. Nor is France in particular.

II—FRANCE

It is unfortunately too easy for us in America to forget that France fought for us for three years before we entered the war, that France did deeds of heroism at the Marne and at Verdun really for us too as well as for herself.

If we have not seen with our own eyes the devastation in France wrought by the Boches, it is difficult to comprehend that they have destroyed no less than ten French departments; that they have killed thousands and thousands of Frenchmen in battle; that they have outraged and mutilated women and children; that they have demolished buildings—churches, schools, factories, homes; that they have ruined mines, forests, orchards, vineyards. For years the Germans had been preparing for a war with France and *in* France so that they might devastate it to such a point as to make its rehabilitation impossible.

France has indeed suffered much more than has any of her allies. Not one of them has had so much territory devastated as she has; not one of them has lost so many men or so much material.

The difference between France and the other allies, especially England, is being continually accentuated by the talk concerning German payments. The proportion which France will receive is 52 per cent and that of England 22 per cent, a seemingly just proportion because, among the reparations, the Versailles Treaty included pensions. And that in spite of American opposition. It was easy to see that if pensions had not been included in the total of reparations, France would have received in the neighborhood of 75 per cent and England only about 5 per cent.

Since the war closed France has done all possible to rehabilitate herself. To repair her devastated departments she has spent millions of dollars. The total sum, though large, can repair but a small part. But the sum represents all that France can find or borrow. For the rest she asks for the execution of the Treaty of Versailles.

When the French look at their country, they see no results of reparations; they see no security.

No country has so much need of security as has France, because no country is so much threatened. In the ultimate analysis, security is not only necessary for France herself, it is the only base on which the reconstruction of Europe can rest.

Where is such security to be found? At present only in the French army. Yet, in England and America, France is blamed for wishing to maintain her present army. Instead of blaming her, she may well be excused. It is not her fault; the fault in the first place is with the English and American Governments, who have not kept their pledges with France to protect her against Germany, pledges made when the Treaty of Versailles was signed.

In view of her alarming economic situation, Germany requests a remission of debts, a so-called moratorium, until 1925. Her creditors want to do all they can to aid Germany in her distress consonant with their own self-respect. In this regard the policy of one of the Allies—France—has been characteristically French; the policy of another of the Allies—England—has become, unfortunately, Germanized.

France will not consent to accord a moratorium without the assurance, by guaranties given, that the German payments for reparations will begin again. Any other means would be, in French opinion, a denial of justice, first, toward the creditors, and, next, towards Germany herself. For a moratorium, pure and simple, would only encourage the German industrialists and profiteers in their speculations, the German Government in its obstinacy, and the German people in their illusions. For the whole world, indeed, the result would be a catastrophe if one followed this abysmal course. The only conditions on which France will consent to accord a moratorium are conditional on Germany's giving guaranties. France has wanted to include among these German mines and forests. Other guaranties to

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be demanded might be, for example, the control of import and export licenses, the establishment of a customs boundary on the Rhine, a supplementary percentage on the value of Germany's exports, a certain percentage on the receipts of dye works, and, finally, a monthly deposit of a certain quantity of gold in a foreign bank.

In all this France is convinced that she will never get anything from a Germany which is not equally convinced that, in the last analysis, France is prepared to act coercively. It is because of this conviction that Premier Poincaré acted as he did during a recent week in Alsace in expelling certain Germans. This policy, nevertheless, though based on justice, can easily go too far. M. Poincaré saw it and modified it immediately. It would be regrettable for French as well as for German interests if too rigorous measures were taken.

III—ENGLAND

What a difference between France and England! In England we see a country better prepared than ever to repel aggression, a country with no devastated provinces, a country whose commerce is ever more powerful and whose finances are so satisfactory that a beginning may be made in paying the debt to the United States. The ends which England proposed at the beginning of the war she has obtained.

England remains always "a nation of shopkeepers." She does not wish to lose any customer; certainly she does not wish to lose one of her best customers, Germany.

Hence what we sometimes call "the Keynes school" has made its way in that country. Instead of imposing very severe financial reforms on Germany (including even the nomination of an Allied counselor at Berlin, who would have the right of veto on German expenditures, a sort of impartial liquidator of no matter what Entente nationality, even American), now we see that England wants to give Germany a moratorium without any guaranties whatever! There you have a Germanized policy.

Its topmost height was reached day before yesterday when the British delegate in the Committee of Reparations publicly made his confession of faith before the Commission had handed down its decision. He said that England wanted to give Germany time enough to pull herself together and to meet her engagements—so does all the world. But, he added, the only means to this end is to give her a very long moratorium and not to put any obstacle, such as rigorous guaranties, in the way of getting back her credit. Any other policy, he proclaimed, would have the result of dissipating hope of obtaining actual or eventual reparations; any other policy would ruin Germany—and not only that, it would entail an inevitable and immediate repercussion in other countries, that is to say, it would bring about a world catastrophe.

So spoke the British delegate. Suddenly and publicly he announced his personal opinion concerning the secret debates which his colleagues were still having. Such an act is like that of a judge who gives out an opinion before the court in which he is sitting has adjudged the case.

Naturally this act has encouraged the German people in their illusions, their misunderstandings, their obstinacy. Naturally, also, the act, with the implied strength of the British Government behind it, will push the German Government more than ever to extremes. It is not surprising, therefore, that to-day we find in the telegraphed editorials from the German papers the echoes of the opinions of the people and the Government—a joyous chorus of praise for the Germanized English policy.

IV—BELGIUM

As she was at Genoa, brave little Belgium is also now particularly worthy of attention, admiration, and respect.

By virtue of her right of priority, established by the Treaty of Versailles, Belgium should receive any present German reparations. In the desire to bring about an arrangement fairly satisfactory to all the Entente Powers, the Belgian Government has made a proposal which last night the Commission on Reparations accepted. It is that, instead of the cash payments due to the end of the present year, the Allies are to accept payment of these amounts in six months' German Treasury bills, payable in gold, *and guaranteed* in such manner as may be agreed upon by the German and Belgian Governments. If there is default in agreement, the bills *are to be guaranteed* by a sufficient deposit of gold in some foreign bank acceptable to Belgium.

And yet, with guaranties twice repeated in the agreement, so worthy a paper as the London "Telegraph" actually proclaims it, as per report just here, "a defeat for France." On the other hand, to-day's "Journal de Genève" more justly concludes that "*la politique française a enregistré . . . un succès indiscutable.*"

Geneva, September 1, 1922.

BUSINESS MEN AND BUSINESS CYCLES

BY EDWARD EYRE HUNT

SECRETARY OF THE PRESIDENT'S CONFERENCE ON UNEMPLOYMENT

IT is not solely an American riddle—this so-called business cycle which brings the United States alternately fat and lean periods, these booms and slumps that are the plague of business to-day. No industrial country is free from its influence—America least of all.

Now, what is the remedy?

Lopping off the peaks of booms and filling up the valleys of slumps to make business more nearly level, by applying to the future a knowledge of the past.

Business moves in a ceaseless ebb and flow, sometimes high and sometimes low, but never the same. The only normal thing about it is its continuous change. Business at an eternal sameness of level would be wholly abnormal. In fact, the idea of a normal business level has wrecked many a concern—dry rot and self-satisfaction are deadlier than fall of prices and lack of orders.

In forty years we have had five serious depressions: 1883–6; 1903–4; 1907–8; 1914–15, and 1921. In other words, within the lifetime of the average man there have been five industrial catastrophes in which the unemployed have been reckoned by the millions and the idle capital by the billions. We are just emerging from the latest of these business horrors, when all the resources of the Government and of private persons in better position have been called upon to care for those who, through no fault of their own, have been thrown out of work because there has been simply nothing for them to do.

The time is coming when the forehanded business man is going to be able to take in sail before the storm strikes him, because his business barometer will warn him in advance.

Let us analyze a cycle, beginning, because we have to begin somewhere, with the revival of activity.

Revival at first is confined to narrow limits, but it spreads in an ever-widening circle because the more active businesses must perforce buy raw materials and supplies from other industries, which in turn buy from others, and so on and on.

As they buy they employ more labor, they borrow more money, they expand their plants. These make higher profits, increase family incomes, and widen demand. Retailers begin to buy from wholesalers, who in turn order from manufacturers, and they from producers of raw materials. All this while the sun is shining and everybody begins talking prosperity, so that orders are plentiful and prices boom, while buyers rush into the market to secure stocks before prices go even higher. Wholesale prices mount and retail prices follow. Wages rise; discount rates increase; interest rates move upward; stocks and bonds are car-

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ried along with the rising tide of prosperity.

As the profits increase, heavier orders are placed and large contracts for new construction are made. Again, these still further swell the physical volume of business and help to drive prices farther upward. The boom is on. And this prosperity contains within itself the seeds of future depression. As old contracts expire, new ones are made at higher costs—materials, interest, rents, salaries, all go up. Out-of-date equipment and uneconomically located plants are called into use. Everybody bids for labor and wages mount, with overtime and bonuses common. Labor and management decline in efficiency, because undesirables are employed, and when jobs are easy to get men do not put forth their best efforts.

Finally comes the time when the supply of funds at the old rate of interest lags behind the volume of business. New bonds can be floated only at higher rates. Capital gradually grows scarcer. This reduces the prospective margin of profit, and here and there a new venture is postponed. So certain businesses which depend on industrial expansion for their own prosperity begin to feel a tightening of the lines. Buyers are starting to defer the execution of new plans. The demand for consumer goods is rapidly reaching its climax. With the restriction of those businesses which have to do with industrial expansion comes a lessening in the orders to enterprises that furnish them with materials.

High interest rates force the unloading of stocks previously held off the market to be sold at higher prices. Profits begin to waver; wary creditors conjure up imagined losses because of the shrinkage in the market value of the enterprises to which they have lent money. They begin to refuse renewals of old loans; they press for a settlement of outstanding accounts.

And so liquidation starts in and rapidly extends, because as one enterprise is called on to pay its maturing debts it makes similar demands of its own creditors.

A new phase develops—industry is forgetting about profits and trying to forestall bankruptcy. Instead of trying to make sales, executives devote their energies to saving money. Expansion gives way to contraction, securities begin to fall and commodities follow the downward trend. Credit adjustment has created a crisis. In the old days, right here would we have had a money panic, but the Federal Reserve Bank Law has given us a safety-valve and the impending depression is industrial rather than financial.

It comes on fast; just as prosperity began cumulatively, so depression starts in the same way. The discharge of wage-earners lessens consumer demand. Savings go and family incomes fall. Investor demand diminishes, because people with money will not go into new enterprises while business is depressed. This causes further contraction, and every reduction of employment creates another reduction of consumer demand, which further depresses business demand and discourages investment. As prices fall, competition is keener for the remaining business. Every reduction in price is the progenitor of another reduction. Wholesale prices tumble first. Raw material falls faster than manufactured goods. Lessening profits spread discouragement and check enterprise; but right here when things are blackest are the germs of revival.

Costs of doing business are being reduced. Labor and management become more efficient as jobs grow scarcer. Economy is the watchword. Loosely organized concerns are reorganized to save them from disaster. Rents and salaries are pruned, old debts are written off, and inventories are revalued. Production sinks to lower levels and the demand for accumulated stocks slowly makes itself apparent. Articles used as long as possible wear out and must be replaced, and the first step towards revival is the fact that the demand for goods finally ceases to shrink.

With all these readjustments the crisis is gradually overcome and recedes into the past, and hoarded capital held at low rates of interest seeks outlet at more attractive yields. A few bold ones put their money into new enterprises; business prospects brighten with the payment of old debts and the disappearance of accumulated stocks. Prices slowly stagger upwards; the banks have money to lend and want to lend it, and so revival starts in ever-widening circles and the business world is back where it began.

To attempt to blot out such an economic process would be futile. It simply cannot be done. Every period of "prosperity" has in itself the very forces which will eventually make for its undoing. Credit is at the bottom of the matter, and business cannot exist without credit.

But the business cycle, in part at least, can be controlled.

But how?

Last October the President's Conference on Unemployment, after adopting a series of recommendations for temporary measures of relief, suggested that an analytical study be prepared of the causes of the business cycle and an attempt be made to collect facts and statistics as to the best methods for offsetting bad results of the periods of expansion and depression which have been characteristic of our industries. Secretary Hoover, Chairman of the Conference, appointed a committee on the business cycle, namely: Owen D. Young, Chairman; Clarence Mott Woolley; Joseph H. Defrees; Matthew Woll; Miss Mary Van Kleeck; and Edward Eyre Hunt, Secretary.

The work of making the survey of the business cycle has been undertaken by the National Bureau of Economic Research, Inc., 175 Ninth Avenue, New York City, of which Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell, the American authority on the business cycle, is Director.

The Committee is to report in November. It will make certain definite recommendations. Some of them will deal with the part which the Government is to play and some of them with industry's share in the new business life of the Nation. Statistics of course will have much to do with the solution of this problem of the business cycle, to which forehanded men are looking as a possible way out of their many troubles.

Taking this for granted, what are some of the proposals for controlling the business cycle? Various authorities have suggested certain possibilities. Government and railway purchases may be used as a balance-wheel to steady the business mechanism. Rolling stock might be ordered over the whole period of a business cycle, reducing the volume of orders in good years and increasing it in bad ones. The Government might hold back its great projects in years of intense activity and not bid against private enterprises for labor and materials, postponing its best efforts to seasons of dullness, and thus providing work for the workless and markets for those who have stocks of material to sell. It has been suggested also that roads be built in bad times and that colleges, schools, and Federal building projects be pushed when labor is idle and prices are low. In the aggregate this will be a very material help.

Mr. Hoover has outlined further remedies. He advocates the systematic forecast of business conditions. Present statistics are inadequate, because they do not cover the field and they do not bring to one business what is going on in another one. Such a knowledge is now possessed by the few, but if our plans work out it will be the property of the many.

This is not mere theorizing. Many industries have solved the problem for themselves already. It is the boast of some of them that they were able to forecast the acute depression of 1920 by fully six months, so that they were able to go through the crisis without discharging a man or clipping a dollar from their dividends. They did not buy in the boom, but they devoted all their energies to selling in the slump. They cut down production, they reduced prices, they paid their debts, they discounted their bills, they liquidated their inventories, and wrote off bad accounts ahead of hard times.

What the Committee hopes is to help many business men by informative statistics and their own business barometers to gird themselves against future depression. Thousands of American business men, by wise thought and careful planning, can largely control the cycles of depression by forecasting the course of their own particular business.

This is the first time that the problem has been resolutely attacked. It is a

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real effort to deal fundamentally with a failure in our industrial and economic organization which is as old as industrialism. Mr. Hoover says:

> There is a solution somewhere, and its working out will be the greatest blessing yet given to our economic system.

This is a long-time job. It is an old and world-wide industrial problem which we can solve only by American ingenuity and sticktoitiveness. This dismal economic phenomenon has been endured too long by civilization without an organized attempt to combat it.

The time to begin an effective, vigorous, aggressive attempt is to-day—now.

IS THE FARMER "GOLD-BRICKED" AGAIN ON THE TARIFF?

BY O. M. KILE

EVERY time the farmer touches the tariff he gets burned.

It was so in the 60's, when the farmers entered into a deal with the Eastern manufacturers to outvote the South and put through a programme of protective tariff and free Western lands.

It was so all through the years when the farmer's voice was strong in condemning the tariff, yet his vote was too weak to upset it.

It bids fair to prove true again to-day, when the farmer admittedly has the votes and the power in Congress to get just about anything he wants.

"If the present Tariff Bill goes through, it will impose a charge on the American people of between five and six billion dollars in excess of the actual amount necessary to offset the difference in wages here and abroad," says Gray Silver, head of the organized farmers' legislative activities at Washington.

The farmer seems to have been outtraded. He has come to the point where he needs some tariff protection against a few products, such as wool from Australia, frozen eggs from China, lemons from Italy, and hides from South America. Except for these products and a few others, tariff protection is practically useless to the farmer. Of what good, for instance, is a tariff on corn or most grades of wheat, when the American farmer must export these products and sell in competition with the producers of all the world? On our really important crops—the crops that bring in the money—tariff protection means little to the average farmer.

Yet Congress has liberally provided him with a nice, fat, new tariff on nearly all agricultural products. The farmer can't say that the tariff-makers in Congress never did anything for him. They have. They have been most generous with their tariffs—on farm products that do the farmer no good. And then, having done this, what could be fairer than to give everybody else high tariffs on their products too? Certainly the farmer should not object to that theory, the tariff-makers argue. So, as Mr. Silver points out, the farmer is placed in the position of paying billions more for the things he has to buy and receiving tariff benefit on a few comparatively insignificant products.

The farmer believes in protecting infant industries and in protecting against ruinous competition, but what raises his ire, and what should raise the ire of all consumers, is to see tariffs used merely for the purpose of raising prices in this country. For instance, a tariff of twelve dollars is asked on ammonium sulphate, a fertilizing material, at the very time the producers are selling large quantities abroad. Glove manufacturers are asking several hundred per cent duties on grades of gloves not even made or likely to be made abroad.

But how, you ask, has it been possible for the tariff-makers to put this across if the farmers hold the balance of power in Congress?

Well, in the first place, they haven't finished the job of putting it across yet. Not quite, but they very likely will.

The difficulty comes from the fact that the agricultural bloc is a bi-partisan organization. And the tariff is not a bi-partisan matter. It has furnished the chief party issue during all these years when party issues were scarce. A lot of Democrats have come out in favor of protection of certain specific things, and some have even adopted the idea of sufficient protection to overcome the difference in labor costs here and abroad. But it is not quite possible yet to get the two parties to lie down together on the same tariff bed. Not even in the agricultural bloc.

You see, tariff isn't essentially an agricultural question, although it of course affects agriculture. So the bloc members and the Farm Bureau leaders very wisely agreed right at the start not to touch the tariff problem as a bloc. Tariff has never been discussed at a single meeting of the agricultural bloc.

Now a new bloc has arisen in the Senate—a so-called agricultural tariff bloc. It includes some twenty-five Senators, all Republicans, and mostly from the mountain States and the Pacific coast, but for some unexplained reason including Senator New of Indiana, Senator Willis of Ohio, and Senator Keyes of New Hampshire. Its chairman is Senator Gooding of Idaho, and it includes several members of the regular agricultural bloc, notably Senators Capper and Ladd. It holds regular meetings and works on the Senate tariff-making committee with considerable effect.

But this is not an agricultural organization. Certain agricultural groups, like the poultrymen, the wool men, and the butter producers, who want high tariffs on their products are glad enough to accept the help of the tariff bloc. But the big and powerful agricultural organizations like the Farm Bureau and the Grange take little notice of and have very little to do with the tariff bloc as such. The reason is that all the bloc's efforts are to *increase* tariffs; they are doing nothing to get schedules cut down on the products the farmer and the consumer have to buy.

The opportunity for this unsatisfactory situation arose when certain farm organization leaders, with more vehemence than logic, asserted last fall, "We are going to ask for the same tariff protection the manufacturer gets." This statement was later corrected to read, "We insist that tariffs be such only as are necessary to overcome the difference in the cost of production in this country as compared with costs in foreign countries." But the damage had been done. The manufacturer said: "All right; we are perfectly willing to give you the same kind of tariffs we take. We want high tariffs; you may have high tariffs, too, on your farm products."

Right there the farmer was out-traded. Whether or not he can improve his position before the Tariff Bill is finally passed remains to be seen.

What the farmers' organizations are working for now is to take the tariff out of politics.

They want a non-partisan tariff board that will make scientific determinations as to just what duties must be laid to make up the difference between labor costs here and abroad, investigate special exceptions to this general rule, and then present a Tariff Bill to Congress to enact with but brief discussion and few modifications. The American Farm Bureau Federation has indorsed and is working for the Frelinghuysen Bill designed to accomplish this purpose.

Can it be enacted?

Senator Gooding says: "Not until the South is educated away from the free-trade idea."

Senator Ladd says: "Tariff can and must be taken out of politics. It will only be a little while longer now until this is accomplished."

Give the farmer a little more time, and he may yet learn how to handle the tariff without getting burned.

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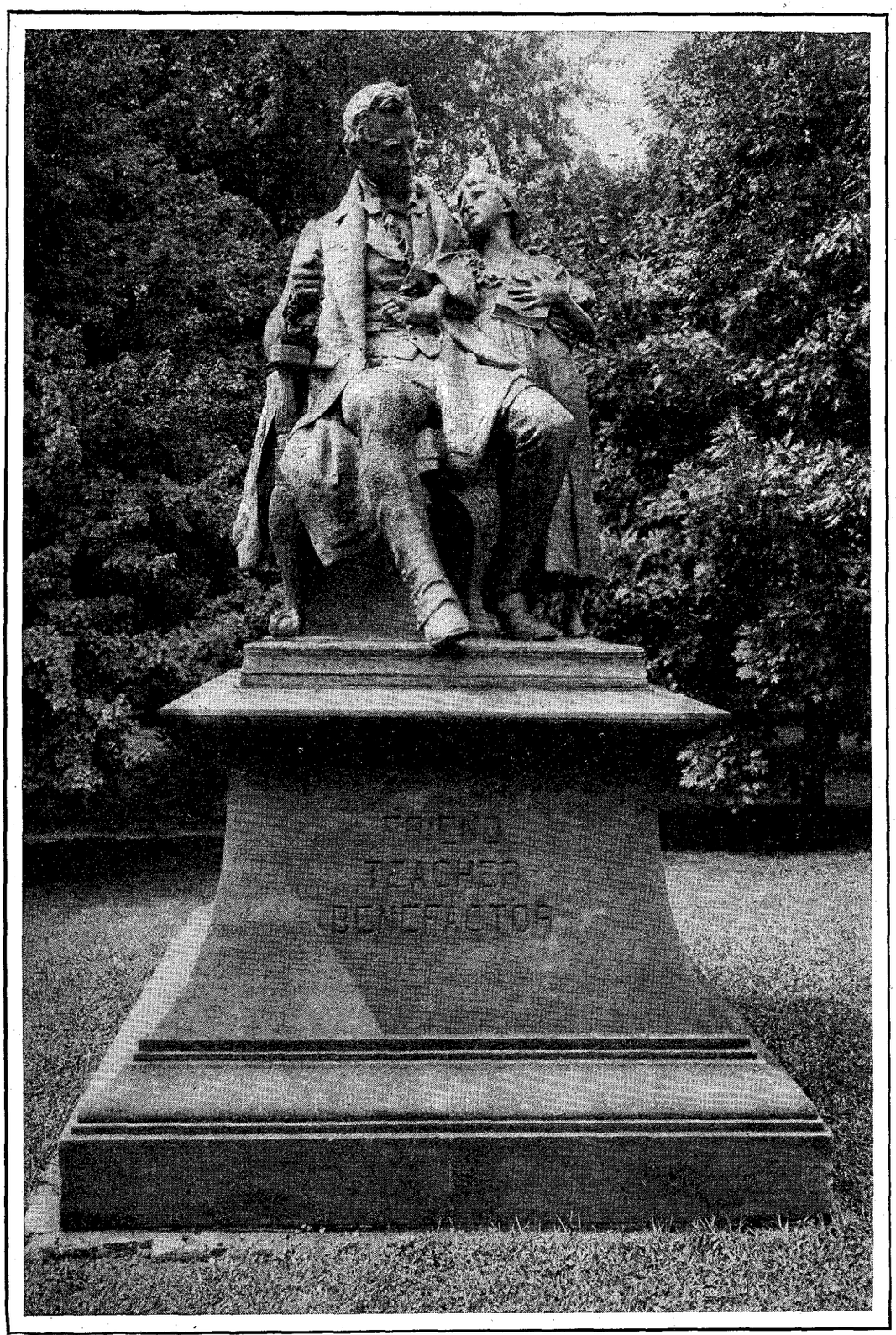
AMERICANS WORTHY OF



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STATUE OF THOMAS H. GALLAUDET, TEACHER OF DEAF MUTES, BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

Dr. Gallaudet founded the first school for deaf-mutes in the United States, and Gallaudet College, on the grounds of which the statue has been erected, is the only college which gives degrees to deaf-mutes. The fund for the statue was subscribed to by alumni and alumnæ of the College in all sections of the country

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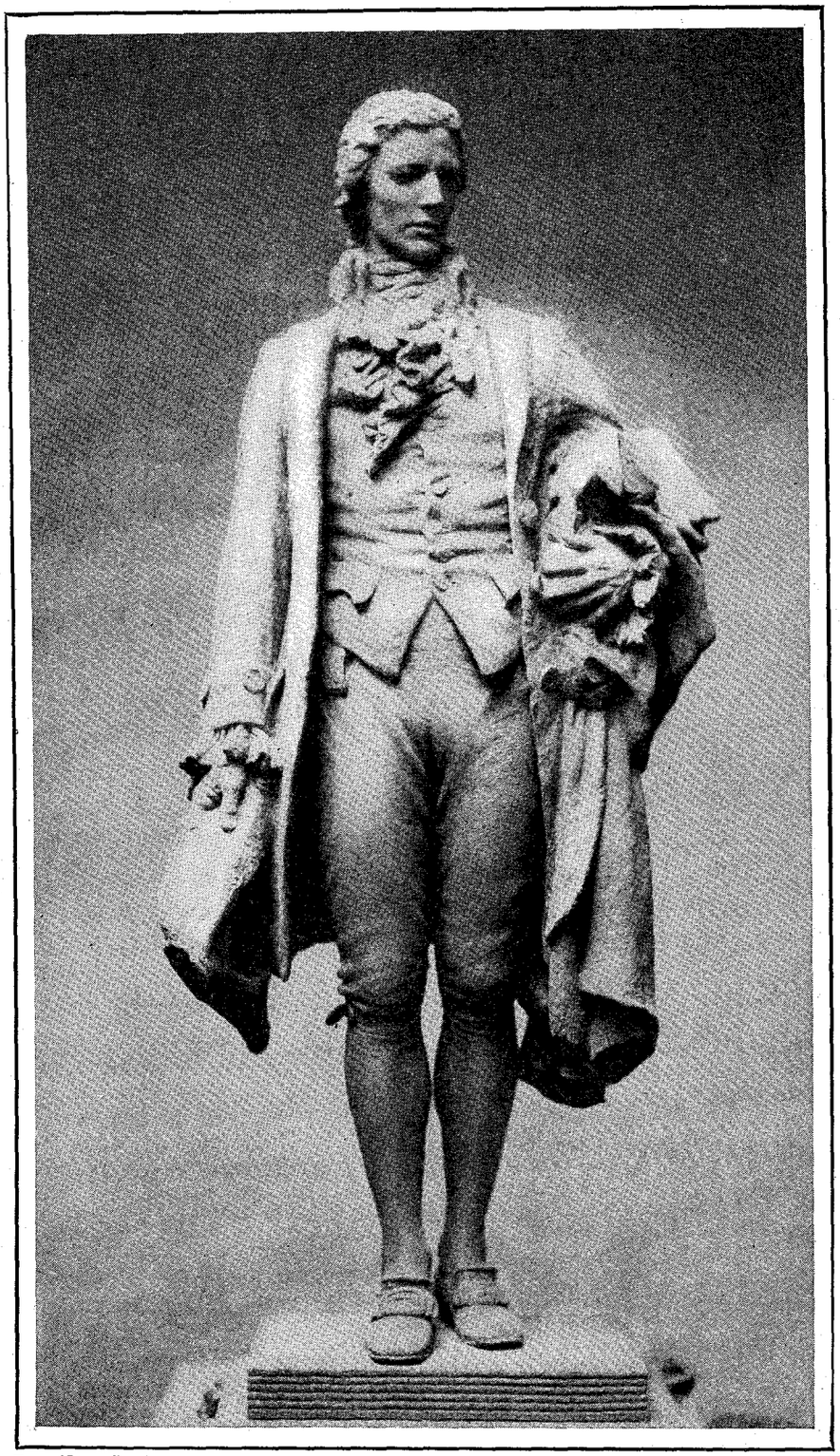
ENDURING BRONZE



Dorr News Service

A NEW STATUE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, BY J. E. FRASER

This is the first clay model of a new statue of Alexander Hamilton, designed by James Earle Fraser, which will be cast in bronze and mounted on a pedestal of Stony Creek granite, at the entrance to the Treasury Building, Washington, D. C. The statue, it is announced, will be dedicated by President Harding in October

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A FEW RECOLLECTIONS OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

BY GEORGE KENNAN

IT was with a shock of deep personal grief that I received, a few days ago, the announcement of the death of Alexander Graham Bell. I had been closely associated with him for more than thirty years, and had come to know him intimately, not only as a scientist, but as a comrade and friend who was interested in all the things that I most cared for, and who shared with me the happiness that he himself derived from the study of science, the love of nature, and the pleasures of outdoor life. For twenty-five years I sailed with him, hunted with him, and camped out with him in a country which was then little known, but which afterward attracted wide public attention on account of his love for it and long association with it. In the close intimacy of camp, log cabin, sailboat, and wilderness I came to know him well and to feel for him the deepest affection and respect. I never made any notes of my association with him, and I have doubtless forgotten many incidents that would throw light on his character and life; but I still remember a few, which may have interest for those who did not know him personally.

I made his acquaintance in the city of Washington nearly forty years ago; but I did not come to know him well until 1889, when we began to spend our summers together in eastern Nova Scotia. There, on the island of Cape Breton, where we both had summer homes, we were very closely associated, and there I first became interested in his scientific work. His house and laboratory were situated on the southeastern side of Baddeck Bay, nearly opposite our cottage, and, as all his more spectacular experiments were tried either on the bay or on the side of the promontory beyond it, they were in plain view from our veranda. Soon after he made Baddeck his summer home he became interested in the problems of aeronautics, and after studying the action of the wind on movable planes he took up the development and improvement of the cellular or box kite. This seemed to have great lifting power, and he hoped that by increasing the number of cells and making them tetrahedral in form he could create a structure that when forced through the air by a powerful motor would actually fly. Scores of times, in the first years of our life in Baddeck, we rushed out on the veranda, glasses in hand, to watch one of Mr. Bell's kites as it rose, like a huge empty honeycomb of red silk, into the upper air. These kites, which were made in Mr. Bell's laboratory under his direct supervision, were carefully built structures of bamboo, silk, and piano wire, and were as perfect in workmanship and finish as a Stradivarius violin. He finally made a monster kite, of a hundred cells or more, which was capable of supporting the weight of a man; and Lieutenant Selfridge,[1] who had been sent to Baddeck by the War Department to observe Mr. Bell's experiments, offered to go up in it. The kite carried him successfully to a height of a hundred feet or more, but finally settled down with him into the lake. Subsequent experiments showed that, while the cellular kite had great lifting power when flown at the end of a cord, the surface friction in the multitudinous cells was so great that no motor then available could force it through the air rapidly enough to make it rise. Mr. Bell afterward co-operated with Curtiss and Selfridge in flying-machine experiments at Hammondsport; built a successful airplane in Baddeck, and suggested various modifications in structure which made the machine much more safe and stable in the air.

Some of his experiments, in the early stages of his aeronautical work, seemed to me as queer as they probably were instructive. One day, I remember, in Baddeck Mr. Bell, Professor Langley, and Simon Newcomb spent an hour or two in dropping a cat, back downward, from a balcony, in order to study the way in which she turned herself in the air so as to alight on her feet. I presume it was Mr. Bell's idea, but none of the trio seemed to be conscious of the humorous incongruity between the fame and scientific standing of the experimenters and the trivial nature of the experiment. To them it was interesting as a problem in physics, while to the unscientific observer it was chiefly notable as an amusing eccentricity of great minds. To see the most noted inventor, the most eminent physicist, and the most distinguished astronomer in America solemnly engaged in dropping a cat back downward from a balcony seemed to me funny enough to make even the cat laugh. It was reported in Baddeck that summer that when Professor Langley returned to Washington he contrived and constructed a mechanical cat which turned itself in the air precisely as the living animal did. Whether this was true or not I never knew; but it seemed likely enough, because Professor Langley at that very time was engaged in flying-machine experiments with whirling planes.

Mr. Bell's kite experiments occupied several years, but he did not confine himself to problems of aeronautics. His active brain was amazingly fertile in ideas and expedients; the range of his interests was very wide, and he thought of and constructed all sorts of things, from the induction balance and the telephonic probe to the graphophone and a machine for the resuscitation of the apparently drowned. A series of experiments that interested him for a long time—in fact, almost up to the day of his death—had for its object an improvement of the Nova Scotian breed of sheep by means of artificial selection and mating. He gave a great deal of thought to questions of heredity and eugenics, and long before he discontinued his kite experiments he was engaged in an attempt to create a variety of sheep that would bear twins regularly and triplets frequently, and thus reproduce itself with great rapidity. These experiments were completely successful so far as the establishment of the desired breed was concerned, but whether the gain in fertility was not counterbalanced by a deterioration in flesh and wool I do not know.

Any matter that happened to interest Mr. Bell he studied with patient care and investigated by means of original and often highly ingenious experiments. At one time, I remember, his attention was drawn to the waste of heat that results from the burning of fuel in open fireplaces. He at once began a series of experiments to show how great this waste is and to prove that most of the lost heat might be conserved. One afternoon he took me up into the attic of his house to show me a wool-packed tank holding a hundred gallons or more of water whose temperature had been raised to 168° by the conserved heat of an ordinary kerosene lamp burning in a room two or three stories below.

At another time he became interested in the distillation of salt water for drinking purposes. Off the coast of Nova Scotia fishing dories frequently get lost from their ships in fog, and their occupants suffer greatly from thirst before they can reach the land. To Mr. Bell this seemed unnecessary, and he invented a compact and portable still, which occupied very little room, but which could turn salt water into fresh fast enough to sustain the life and mitigate the suffering of two or three men who might happen to get adrift in an open boat. When the miniature yacht Typhoon sailed from Baddeck for England, two or three years ago, it was provided with one of these stills for use in case of accident or emergency.

At one time Mr. Bell was greatly interested in astronomy and meteorology, and in the fall of 1897 I was present at

[1] Killed September 17, 1908, by an accident, while he was flying with Orville Wright at Fort Myers, Virginia.

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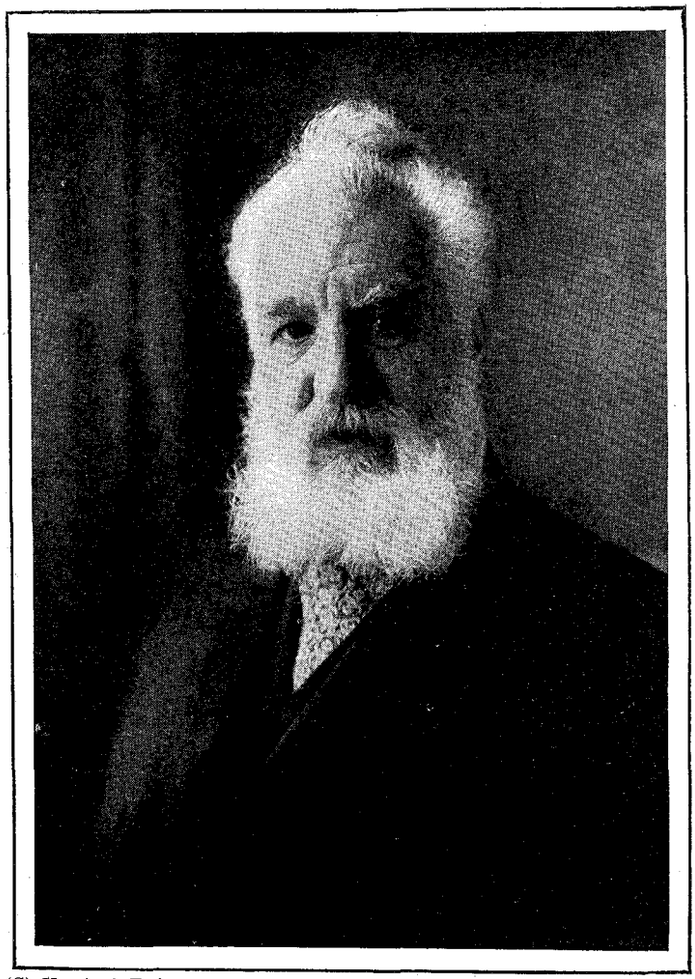
the laying of the corner-stone of an observatory which he erected near the point of his promontory and in which he afterward installed a fairly large celestial telescope. About the same time I happened to see the fall of a very brilliant meteor in bright sunshine and in the middle of the afternoon. Mr. Bell made me write an account of it for "Science," and a few days later, learning from farmers that it had fallen near the source of Middle River, he drove thirty or forty miles in search of it. But the country in that region was wild, wooded, and mountainous, and he did not succeed in finding it.

Mr. Bell's working methods were painstaking and systematic. When he took up for investigation any matter, great or small, he went back to the beginning of research in that field and experimented for himself, regardless of all that had been done later by other students. When I once suggested to him that he might economize time by accepting facts already well established and pushing on from the known to the unknown, he replied that he got more useful ideas by finding things out for himself than by relying on the work of other men. Perhaps he did. He was untiring in experiment, had wonderful industry, and never allowed himself to be discouraged.

The daily routine of his life in Baddeck was very simple. In the forenoon —generally the *late* forenoon—he went to the laboratory to watch the work there in progress, and then to his office, in a small detached building, where he looked over records, considered problems, and made notes of matters that he wished to discuss with his engineer assistant, Mr. Baldwin. He was always a voluminous note-maker. Perhaps the long litigation over his telephone patent made him appreciate the importance of dates and records; but certain it is that he committed to paper every constructive idea that occurred to him, and every stage of its development into a plan, an experiment, and finally an invention. He also published on his estate a weekly paper called the "Beinn Bhreagh Recorder," which contained notes of his kite, sheep, and other experiments, as well as items of interest to his friends and employees. It was a mimeographed journal and had a circulation of only fifteen or twenty copies; but from it might be compiled a fairly comprehensive history of his experiments and their results.

In the late afternoon, when he had finished his work, Mrs. Bell usually came for him and they walked home together along the beautiful road that he had built from the head of the bay to the point of the promontory. In the evening he read his mail, talked with his family or friends, looked over the newspapers and magazines, or went to the piano and played an accompaniment for chorus singing, of which he was very fond. His serious reading was generally done late at night, after everybody else had gone to bed. He was semi-nocturnal in his habits, and often sat up until two or three o'clock—sometimes later—and made up arrears of sleep in the early hours of the next day. Once a week, on Sunday, he retired to a house-boat, anchored or drawn up on the beach in some beautiful, secluded place, and there became absolutely incommunicado for twenty-four hours. It was an inflexible rule that during this one day he should not be visited, telephoned to, or disturbed unless in case of death, fire, or other great calamity. In this house-boat he prepared his own meals, ate them alone, and took care of himself generally.



(C) Harris & Ewing

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

Among the many tastes and feelings that Mr. Bell and I had in common, the one that made him most sympathetic to me was his love of nature. It was that, more than anything else, which first made Cape Breton Island attractive to us both. He took delight in water, woods, and mountains, and was never happier than when he was out on the inland sea of Cape Breton in one of the various boats that he designed and built. Frequently, for a week at a time, he and Mrs. Bell would live in a house-boat in some secluded harbor or cove, fishing, dredging up oysters, and exploring in skiff or canoe the neighboring coast. Then, when they next took an outing, they would drive in a "gypsy wagon" along one of the many picturesque roads that intersect the island, or follow up some clear, dashing trout stream which tumbled down in rapids and cascades from the higher hills. Always on such excursions they bivouacked or camped out wherever night overtook them.

In the fall of 1893, while exploring with E. J. Glave[1] a wild part of the island, twenty-five or thirty miles north of Baddeck, I visited for the first time a group of small but beautiful lakes situated at a height of twelve hundred feet above the sea on the forested watershed where the Baddeck River has its source. The largest of these lakes seemed to me particularly attractive, and a little later, that same fall, I bought from the Government one hundred acres of wild land on its eastern shore and put up there a comfortable log cabin which we named "Cariboo Camp." The next fall Mr. and Mrs. Bell came out to visit us, and were so delighted with the woods, the scenery, and the exhilarating air that they built a cabin of their own, about half a mile from ours, and persuaded Professor Langley to join them in buying two square miles or more of wild land around the whole group of lakes, so as

[1] For six years one of Henry M. Stanley's pioneer officers in Central Africa. He died of tropical fever on the lower Congo about two years after his visit to Baddeck.

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to protect them in future from timber speculators and lumbermen.

For the next twelve years we all went there every September and spent from two to six weeks in boating, trout fishing, exploring, and blazing trails through the forest. There Mr. Bell, who loved solitude and the wilderness, was perfectly happy and contented—at least for a time. The nearest farmhouse was many miles away over a difficult trail, and when night settled down on the lonely lake the profound stillness was broken only by the soft hooting of owls, the occasional bark of a fox, or the wild, wailing cry of a loon. But even in this congenial environment Mr. Bell wanted something that would give occupation to his active mind, so one fall he proposed to me that we make a survey and a map of the lake without instruments. As the lake was fairly large and extremely irregular in outline, I did not see how it could be done until he took a large sheet of paper, adjusted it so that its sides were exactly north and south, laid a ruler across it, took a sight along the edge of the ruler at a cape on the other side of the lake, and then with a pencil drew a line across the paper in the direction of the sight. "That," he said, "shows the compass bearing of that particular cape from this particular spot and, to a certain extent, locates both. Now if you keep the paper adjusted in the same way with reference to the points of the compass and take, say, twenty sights across it from twenty different positions at that and other features of the coast, the intersections of your lines, when connected, will make a rough outline of the shore." The scheme worked perfectly. We took hundreds of sights across the lake that fall, and made a large detailed map of it, with a possible margin or error of only a few feet. Then, by measuring a base line stretched across the lake on floats, we got the scale, which was 456 feet to the inch. This method of mapping a lake seemed to be Mr. Bell's own idea. I had never before heard of it, and I don't think he had. At any rate, he seemed to be greatly pleased when it "worked out" successfully.

Although Mr. Bell was born in Edinburgh and spent a large part of his later life in Nova Scotia, he was a patriotic American and loved and admired his adopted country. His greatest invention was made in Boston, his permanent home was in Washington, and American institutions represented his ideals of freedom, opportunity, and progress. When the United States went into the World War, he established a boat-building plant near his laboratory in Baddeck, increased his force of workmen, and turned out a large number of lifeboats for the Allied fleets.

During all this time he took an active interest in the affairs of the little village where he had his summer home. He helped to support the public library and the fisheries' protective association that I founded in Baddeck; he lectured frequently on scientific subjects in the court-house or in his wife's "Gertrude Hall;" and fitted up a large recreation-room in his warehouse, where he met his workmen once a week and interested them in talk, discussions, and entertainments which he himself planned and directed. On the eve of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Cape Breton Island by the Cabots he called the attention of the village to the historic importance of the day by emblazoning the name "John Cabot" on the side of his mountain in huge illuminated letters, and a little later he and his father, Alexander Melville Bell, impersonated John and Sebastian Cabot at a costume ball given by the villagers in the courthouse.

Mr. Bell spent the summer and fall of every year, and sometimes half the winter, in Baddeck; but he always maintained a permanent home in Washington, and some of my pleasantest recollections of him are connected with the informal receptions that he and Mrs. Bell gave, on Wednesday evenings, to the scientific men of the city. They were not "society" affairs, nor were they ever reported in the newspapers, but they were more instructive and entertaining than anything of the kind that I have ever known. There was always a definite programme, planned and arranged by Mr. Bell himself, but the programmes were infinitely varied and covered almost every known field of exploration and research. If a man had done, planned, or found out something new, it was always at one of Mr. Bell's "Wednesday evenings" that he first made it known. Usually, one of the scientific men would talk or read a paper on some subject that he had recently studied or investigated. Then the experts present would discuss it, ask questions, or make pertinent comments and suggestions. The subjects presented were of great diversity and ranged from the indigenous races of China to the life history of eels, and from the latest volcanic eruption to cancerous growths in living plants with highly interesting specimens.

At these weekly gatherings Mr. Bell was at his best. He guided and stimulated the discussions with infinite tact, and if the proceedings threatened to become dull his wide knowledge and fertility of resource enabled him to enliven them with suggestive comments or turn them suddenly into a new and wholly different channel. One evening, I remember, a well-known geographer and explorer read a paper on the Alaskan boundary. The paper was interesting enough, but it was not provocative of animated discussion and only a few of those present had anything to say about it. Then Mr. Bell, remembering that I had just been expelled from Russia, gave a new turn to the proceedings by saying:

"Our friend Mr. Kennan has recently had an interesting experience with boundaries; perhaps he will tell us what happened when he last crossed the boundary of Russia."

Although taken by surprise, I gave a brief account of my arrest in St. Petersburg and my expulsion from the Empire.

"To be suddenly arrested," said Mr. Bell, "is an unpleasant experience. I wonder how many of us have had it. Will those of you who have been arrested for crime please hold up your hands?"

There were present fifteen gentlemen of the highest social and scientific standing, all of them with a National and most of them with an international reputation. Among them were the secretary of the Washington Academy of Sciences; the chief curator of the Department of Biology in the National Museum; the president of the Washington Anthropological Society; a gold medalist of the Société Géographie de France; the chief of the Weather Bureau; the Surgeon-General of the Army; the chief hydrographer of the Geological Survey; the inventor of the telephone; and half a dozen biologists and geologists of the first rank. To suppose or suggest that any one of them had ever committed a crime seemed preposterous; and yet eleven of them, with Mr. Bell at their head, held up their hands. The effect of this bombshell of inquiry upon the audience was highly amusing. Every one of the eleven looked at his neighbor with amazement, as if to ask, "What did you do?"

Finally, Mr. Bell, with a beaming smile, said:

"Only eleven out of fifteen! That's not so bad. We might all have been arrested. Suppose now we confess what our crimes were."

Amid laughter and humorous banter from all sides, Mr. Bell admitted that he had been arrested on the Canadian border as an escaping embezzler. The president of the Anthropological Society told us how he had been chased and arrested for running by a German toll-gate, and the chief of the Weather Bureau described an encounter that he had with the police in Chicago when, after a desperate fight in the dark, he was dragged downstairs and taken in a patrol-wagon to the station-house as a bank burglar. I cannot now remember the crimes or misdemeanors of which the other eight scientists had been accused, but I still have a vivid recollection of the skillful way in which Mr. Bell turned an evening that threatened to be dull into one of the gayest and most entertaining of the season.

Mr. Bell's last work in Baddeck was connected with the water. He had always been interested in boats, and had tried many experiments with sails, hulls, and methods of propulsion. Shortly after the war he invented and built a flying-boat, driven by aerial propellers, which rose into the air on submerged planes and attained a speed of seventy miles an hour. At the time of his death he was engaged in perfecting a naval target of improved form which could be

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towed swiftly by a destroyer while another warship fired at it.

All of his experiments, successful and unsuccessful, were characterized by novelty and originality, and his work in many fields added greatly to human happiness and left a permanent impress on the world.

It was eminently fitting that he should be laid to rest on Beinn Bhreagh, the "beautiful mountain" where he had enjoyed so many years of happiness, and where his grave will have almost the sacredness of a shrine for those who loved him and worked with him.

IRELAND REVISITED

BY FREDERICK W. CLAMPETT, M.A.
TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

"RETURN trip to Cork, please," said I to the agent in London, as I was booking for Ireland.

"Sorry, sir, but we can't book you beyond Dublin—things are too uncertain over there," he replied, smiling.

"Right-o, Dublin it is," I added, and he stamped my ticket. Then the music began.

Avoid the night express, if you can. It was two o'clock in the morning, bleak, cold, and wintry, when the London express pulled into Holyhead Station. The Kingstown steamer was at the dock, under full steam, ready to start, but a close line of military had yet to be passed.

Napoleon speaks somewhere of the value of "two in the morning" courage. It is a great asset.

Although there are no custom duties between England and Ireland, every passenger is obliged to undergo the closest inspection. Nobody is immune. There's no royal road to Dublin. It was a minute search for firearms—for any kind of weapon.

Then we embarked and pointed towards Ireland's Eye. It is a comparatively short run to Kingstown, but, as much always happens during that turbulent trip, let silence reign. Suffice it to say, 'twas a rocky road to Dublin.

Right on the dot of seven we steamed into Kingstown Harbor. The sun was well up, and the freshness of things, the glorious deep green of the sloping hills, was a picture for the gods.

There was much hurrying and scurrying when the train, a few minutes later, slowed up in Westland Row Station, in the heart of Dublin. At once I was struck with the martial air about the place. It reminded me of the Gare Saint-Lazare in Paris during the great war. Uniformed men of the National Troops, as young-looking as senior Boy Scouts, were in evidence on every hand. With bristling arms they expressed authority and claimed respect.

A small army of jaunting-cars, drawn up in line, awaited the call of weary passengers. Strange to say, there was no shouting, no yelling of hotels. "First come first served" was the order of the day, and there was no delay.

"Jury's Hotel," I called out to the driver, as I jumped up on the seat, satchel in hand. In my college days that was a well-known meeting-place for the "Trinity boys," and I was hoping to renew acquaintance. The driver smiled

MR. CLAMPETT'S JAUNTING-CAR

at the name of "Jury" as he flourished his whip and started his horse.

When we got outside the station he slowed up and quietly remarked: "Jury's Hotel is no more, sirr." That was my first surprise.

"The Gresham," I ordered, and I began to sense an alteration in my plans. The cold morning, acting on an empty stomach, was not conducive to happy thoughts. The driver seemed to realize this, for he dropped his jaunty air as he replied: "Begor, sirr, I was searchin' the other day in the ashes of the 'Gresham' for a 'momentum' when the Free State fellows drove me off with the point of their guns."

He drove aimlessly on, while my mind was working.

"How about the 'Metropole' on Sackville Street?" I asked, wondering what the reply might be.

"Sure, 'twas turned into a cinema hall long ago, sirr, and the front of it is riddled with bullets," he sadly replied.

My trump card was the "Shelbourne," on Stephen's Green, but I was holding it up my sleeve, for the rates were like the Ritz of London and the stakes too high. I made one more try.

"Bring me right away to the 'Hammam'"—and there was a tone of desperation in my voice. The sympathy of the driver was at last aroused.

"You're out o' look, sirr," and he added, lowering his voice: "Twas mined tin days ago by De Valera, and is finced in to keep the dust from flyin', sirr."

I had reached my limit. So far, the driver was a distinct negation. His charges were piling up as we drove around the circumference looking for the center. His manner, I confess, irritated me.

"Dublin Castle!" I shouted, and I seemed to crumple up with a feeling of despair.

That driver had a delicious sense of humor, sure enough. He pulled up his horse with a close rein and settled down for the heartiest laugh I have heard in Europe. Even the horse seemed to sense it, for his ears were turned towards his master and he tried hard to turn his head. When the laugh-wave swept by, the driver's face assumed a solemn tone as he said:

"Dublin Castle, God forgive us! Dublin Castle! Hotbed of murderers and adults! Ireland's hell! War and pistilence and famine all in one! Divil a Dublin Castle for yer honor! No, sirr, the name's not fit for the like o' ye. Lave it to me. Ye'll be in a feather bed to-night that Daniel O'Connell himself might envy!"

He was the son of a prophet. As it turned out, not a hothouse plant in the Hotel Crillon of Paris was as snug and cozy as I found myself during the days that followed.

When the room was secured, I turned to my driver and asked, "How much?" Tim (his name was Tim) had a quizzical look in his kindly eye as he turned his cap around in his hands.

"Sure, I'll lave it to yer honor. 'Twas

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a long wait at the station, and didn't I keep ye out o' Dublin Castle?"

We parted on good terms.

Breakfast over, I wandered down Dame Street into College Green, on my way to Trinity College. Reports had crossed the Irish Sea that old Trinity had gone the way of the Four Courts. Visions of wreckage were imaged in my mind.

My old Alma Mater, founded in 1590, with its massive buildings and classic walls, stood out in noble, bold proportions, complete and beautiful. I stood at the entrance, as the names of world-known men, who did honor to her memory, floated before my vision. Dean Swift and Berkeley, Burke and Goldsmith, Lecky and—but why continue? Their names are legion. Pride and gratitude filled my heart. I doffed my hat to the statue of Edmund Burke and bowed my head before that of Oliver Goldsmith, and crossed the entrance.

Old Williams, porter of the generations, dread of tardy freshmen, was at his post. After the first word was over, I asked, "How are things in the city?"

His answer was unique, forceful, true.

"They call it civil war, sir, but the name is too respectable. A small army of highwaymen, brigands, under De Valera and Childers are trying to outdo the Germans in wanton destruction, but the end is in sight."

That sentence told the story in its bare truth. No truer statement was made to me in Ireland.

After two hours of sacred wanderings within old Trinity I walked down Westmoreland Street, over O'Connell Bridge, and entered the finest boulevard in Ireland.

Sackville Street was filled with soldiers. Reserves of the British army in their khaki, soldiers of the Free State in their dark-green uniform, numerous bodies of young men in civilian clothes—"Irregulars" in disguise—armed lorries rushing by, bristling with rifles ready for action, men of the Constabulary moving slowly on.

But the strangest thing of all was the attitude of the people. Peaceful London was over-serious, gloomy. Warlike Dublin was gay. And this in the very face of wholesale destruction.

Sackville Street is in ruins. In the very center of the boulevard, the invincible Admiral Nelson, lifted high on his monument, stands, one-armed, commanding, as if in the throes of Trafalgar. The man and the pillar are covered with bullet marks. The beautiful buildings below Nelson's Pillar, once as graceful as the best in the Champs Élysées in Paris, are in ashes. The General Post Office, greatest of them all, is in ruins. Between the Post Office and Gilbey's wine store stands the gutted Y. M. C. A. building.

In big, golden letters were the words, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God," and every letter was mutilated with shot.

The lamentations of Tim, my driver, came home to me.

The Gresham, the Hammam, the Metropole hotels were in ashes, mined by the forces of De Valera.

From Nelson's Pillar to Parnell's Monument was pile upon pile of ashes. The Huns took revenge upon a hated enemy on their soil. The Irish "Irregulars" wantonly destroyed their own.

Hailing a jaunting-car, I drove towards the North Wall to view what was left of the Custom House. Then, turning in our tracks, we drove along the banks of the Liffey to study the most wanton destruction of all in this cataclysm of blind hate.

The great law buildings, known to the world as the Four Courts, are blotted out. Its Library, precious as that of Louvain, was burnt with fiendish design. Thus records of priceless value in the history of justice in Ireland were turned into ashes.

This was enough for a day. I envied the light-heartedness of the people.

For five busy days I moved about Dublin, renewing old friendships. My business was to find out the sentiment of the people. How was all this idiotic destruction viewed by the "man in the street"? I met clergymen, of Catholic and Protestant Churches, physicians, attorneys-at-law, and the verdict was unanimous. "The Free State movement has come to stay. Childers and De Valera are doomed."

My friends were not in favor of my entering the interior. Bridges were blown up. Tracks were destroyed. There was no train schedule. Frequent ambushes, raiding parties.

The outlook was not encouraging; but I determined to visit my relatives in the south.

The Southwestern train to Waterford was impossible, as a bridge at a town called Ballyhale had been mined. After a weary day of it I reached Waterford by way of New Ross.

That historic city of some 25,000 people is known as the "Urbs Intacta" (city untouched). When Oliver Cromwell threatened to destroy it, the Mayor of the city handed him the keys of the city, and it was saved; hence the name.

In the strange paradox of history it was saved by Cromwell and wrecked by De Valera.

Dublin was repeated. Hotels, post office, destroyed or gutted. Wanton destruction on all sides.

In Hearn's dry goods store on the Quay there was a cheap sale. Bullet-riddled blankets were offered at reduced prices. There were "Fire Sales" along the water front. This beautiful city, the joy of tourists, looked like a watering-place "out of season." The "Irregulars" left behind them the chaos of brigandage.

For seven days I was the guest of my relatives. We visited the home where Lord Roberts, once Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, was born and reared, passed by the residence of the Redmond brothers, once high in the ranks of the Nationals in the British House of Commons. Strange memories were ushered in.

Chums of my childhood, fellow-scholars of old Trinity, were rounded up. Olden days revived. Everywhere, without exception, the yearning of the people was for the Free State Government.

"If an election took place to-morrow," said a prominent attorney-at-law, "ninety per cent of the electors would vote Free State."

Bernard Shaw was in Waterford, awaiting a train for the Fishguard steamer *en route* to London. Interviewed, he had this to say of De Valera:

"Of course he can enjoy the luxury of dying for Ireland after doing all the damage he can. 'What matter if for Ireland dear we fall?' is still the idiot's battle song. The idiocy is sanctified by the memories of a time when there was nothing to be done for Ireland's freedom but to die for it; but the time has now come for Irishmen to learn to live for their country—instead of which they start runaway engines down the lines, blow up bridges, burn homesteads and factories, and gain nothing by it except such amusements as making my train from Waterford to Rosslare several hours late. Ireland would be just as free at this moment if I had arrived punctually. You see, the cause of Ireland is always dogged by the ridicule which we have such a fatal gift of provoking and such a futile gift of expressing.

"I suppose it will have to be settled, as usual, by another massacre of Irishmen by Irishmen."

The words were scarcely uttered when, at a point not far from where they were spoken, the idol of the common people, the man who won the respect of Lloyd George, the romantic figure of the whole tragedy, Michael Collins, fell by the bullet of a fellow-countryman, with the prayer "Forgive them!" on his dying lips.

A WILDCAT GOES BACK TO FRANCE

Soldiers of the A. E. F. are finding their way back to France to revisit the battlefields upon which they and their comrades made history. Mr. Thatcher T. P. Luquer, of the 306th Engineers and the 81st Division, which wore on its shoulders the insignia of the wildcat, tells the story of the change in the devastated regions of France since the A. E. F. came home, in a forthcoming issue of The Outlook.

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UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER IV—FROM A DIPLOMAT'S NOTE-BOOK

AND now that I had been received and entertained by about everybody in Constantinople, it was time for my audience with the Sultan, who came last, like the prima donna. The official functions at the palace under Abdul Hamid were always dignified and punctilious. Royal carriages were sent with escorts for myself and staff. At the entrance of the palace I was met by the Introducer of Ambassadors, and we proceeded to the *salon* of the Grand Master of Ceremonies. I was then joined by the Minister of Foreign Affairs and conducted into the presence of the Sultan by the distinguished soldier Osman Pasha, famed as the hero of Plevna, who was then the Grand Marshal of the Palace.

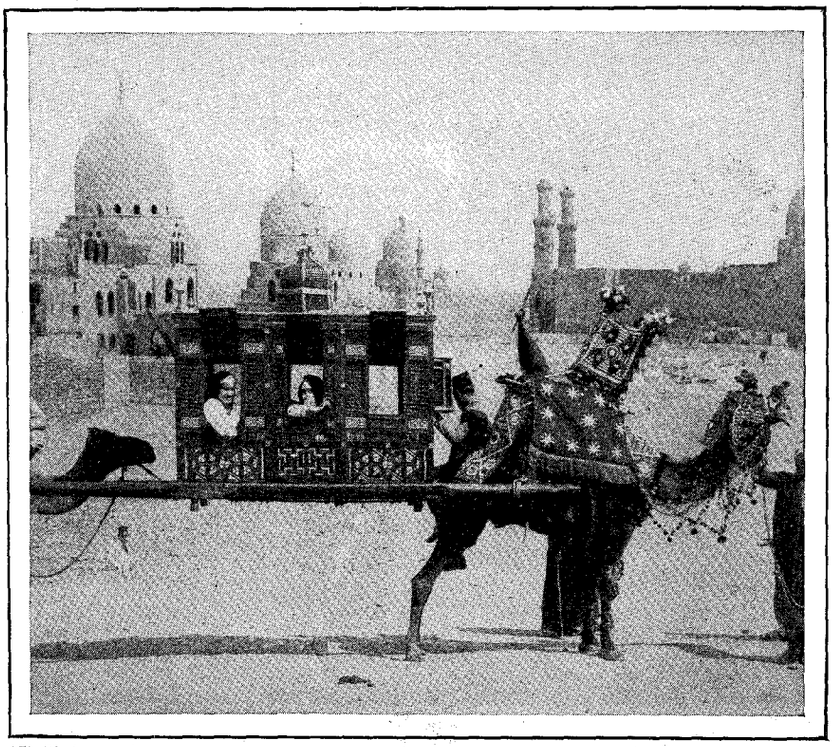
The Sultan, standing, received me in the audience room. He was small, spare in frame, with a short, full black beard. A few years later, when his beard turned gray, he dyed it henna. He wore a plain black frock coat, buttoned to the neck. His complexion was sallow, his nose prominent and aquiline, and his eyes dark, sparkling, animated.

The formalities, presentation of credentials, and brief set addresses on both sides were soon over. His Majesty sat down and invited me to do likewise. Turkish coffee and cigarettes were served—the coffee in egg-shaped cups resting in jewel-studded holders. The conversation was interpreted by my dragoman (the Turkish name for an interpreter). The audience concluded, we returned to the Legation in the same stately manner. Then we gave a reception to the American colony, almost exclusively composed of the missionaries resident at Constantinople, the President and Faculty of Robert College, and the Home School, which was then located across the Bosphorus at Scutari.

On the day preceding my audience I presided at the Commencement of Robert College, located at Roumeli-Hissar, of which the venerable Dr. George Washburn was President. The Commencement was similar to commencements at home, excepting that the orations of the graduates were spoken in the various languages of the East, besides English and French. The Turks at that time could not understand the benevolent purposes which inspired, on the part of the Americans, the establishment of colleges and schools throughout the Empire. Their experience with the various institutions of other nations made them extremely suspicious.

THE SULTAN SAYS HIS PRAYERS

Friday in the Turkish Court was Selamlik, when the Sultan attended the mosque for prayers. It was always celebrated with pomp and splendor. The Ministers and Ambassadors were expected, as a matter of good will, to attend this ceremonial occasionally.



(C) Underwood

Sedans in America roll on wheels. But the originals are carried by camels in Cairo. The autobiographer visited Cairo in 1888, in connection with a series of conferences with the governors-general of various Turkish provinces

A description of this ceremonial which I jotted down a long time ago is as follows:

The Sultan's residence is known as Yildiz Palace, Yildiz signifying star. The mosque he usually attends is in the vicinity of the palace grounds, distant about four hundred yards. The visitors are received in a small house or kiosk beside the mosque, where a special suite of rooms is reserved for the diplomatic corps. Ten or more regiments on horse and foot are stationed around the elevation stretching from the palace grounds encircling the mosque.

All is in readiness. At about eleven o'clock the gates of the palace inclosure are thrown open. The Sultan is seen in an open barouche, Osman Pasha sitting opposite him. Following the barouche are usually the leading officials of the Government and army officers. The regiments are drawn from different parts of the Empire, and are dressed in glittering uniforms denoting the section from which they come. The most resplendent are the Nubian and Arabian regiments. As the Sultan passes, troops and officials, as from one throat, cry thrice, in Turkish equivalent, "Long live the Sultan!"

He then enters the mosque, and all is still while the prayers are being read. This occupies about thirty minutes. The Sultan then stations himself at a window in the mosque, and the troops file by, the band playing the national march. The Sultan is known to be constantly in fear of assassination, and seldom appears in public except on these occasions. He shows timidity in his expression.

One of his aides-de-camp reports to him the diplomatic representatives and other distinguished persons who are present, and thereafter returns with some gracious message for each. While the prayers are going on in the mosque coffee and cigarettes are served to the guests in the little kiosk. Several carriages, open and closed, together with several saddle horses from the royal stables, are brought down to the mosque. The Sultan chooses which shall be his conveyance for the return to the palace. He usually selects a two-horse top-phaeton, and, himself taking the reins, he drives back to the palace, accompanied again by Osman Pasha.

DIPLOMATIC TANGLES

The decorative things are what many people think of exclusively when considering the career of a diplomat. These

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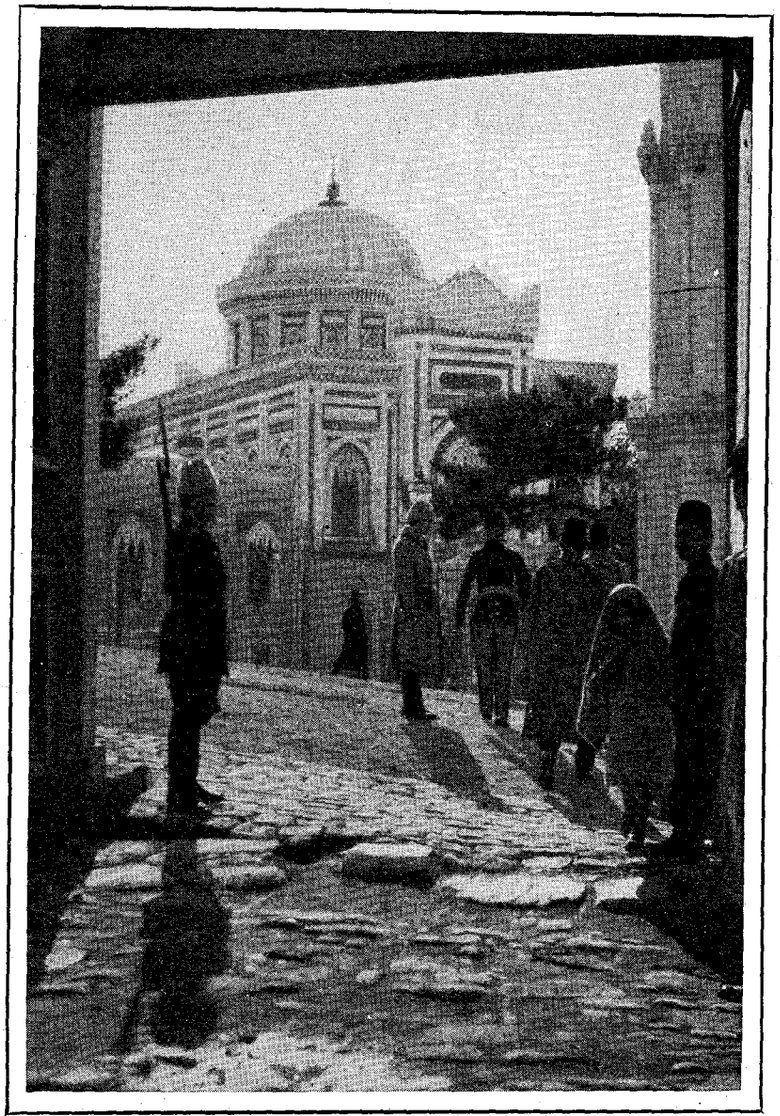

International

The Sultan's private mosque in Constantinople, where Turkey's ruler said his prayers amid pomp and splendor

are necessary enough in the promotion of good relations, but diplomats do not get their work done at functions.

There were a number of important diplomatic questions between the United States which gave rise to recurring vexatious differences.

Like China, Turkey had treaties with various European nations granting extra-territorial rights to their nationals. Foreigners were to be judged by their own ambassadors and consuls in both civil and criminal suits between one another. In crimes or offenses committed by foreigners against natives jurisdiction, by long usage, was exercised by the consular court of the person accused. Foreigners were to be exempt from all taxes except on exports and customs.

Such a juridical anomaly is necessary where foreigners have no confidence in the administration of the government under which they reside. These rights of foreigners were very irksome to the Turkish Government and derogatory to its sovereignty. Some countries, especially Russia, in return for other advantages were not insisting upon their claims under the capitulations, and this encouraged the Ottoman Government under various pleas to resist claims, especially as to criminal jurisdiction over the nationals of other countries, including our own.

We had had a series of treaties with the Sublime Porte since 1830, but there had been many disputes as to the interpretation of the various articles. The treaty of amity and commerce of 1862 was abrogated upon expiration at Turkey's request, which left various controversies subject to the discrepancies of the earlier treaty of 1830, about which was a dispute as to translation—an irritating condition.

Similar troubles arose from the treaty of 1874 of naturalization and extradition. This treaty, after conclusion, was amended by the Senate to provide for a requisite of two years' residence in the country of naturalization after issuance of naturalization papers. The amendment was accepted by the Sublime Porte with a declaration of interpretations. The United States Government, however, did not accept the interpretations, and the treaty remained in abeyance.

During this time a number of Christian subjects of the Porte, principally Armenians, Greeks, and Syrians, came to the United States and remained just long enough to become citizens. Thus freed from Turkish jurisdiction, they returned to Turkey. Many were arrested on charges of being involved in alleged conspiracies against the Ottoman Government. These frequently recurring cases produced considerable irritation. At many times there was a severe strain upon the relations of the two countries.

It was felt that the treaty of naturalization and extradition, with the two-year clause, the same as we have with other nations, would prevent subjects from seeking naturalization in America for no other purpose than to escape liability as Turkish subjects on their return.

One of my first diplomatic efforts was to effect an adjustment of these difficulties either by a new treaty or acceptance of the treaty of 1874 as amended by the Senate. After long and tedious negotiations by an exchange of notes, the Ottoman Government accepted the treaty as amended. I received a flattering cable of congratulations from Secretary Bayard and a letter from Assistant Secretary Adee, in which he wrote:

> Whatever may be the outcome of this negotiation, you are to be congratulated without stint on having achieved a decided diplomatic success by causing the Government of the Porte to recede from the position which it took in 1875, with respect to the Senate amendments, and to which it has so pertinaciously adhered ever since, until you wrought a change of heart and induced it to take a more rational view of the subject. This makes it far easier for us to deal with the question now as justice and equity and due respect for the rights and privileges attaching to American nationality may demand.

As fourteen years had elapsed since the negotiation of the original treaty, it was thought best that the matter should be again submitted to the Senate. Some of our leading missionaries, instigated by prominent Armenians who had become naturalized and returned to Turkey, opposed ratification. No action was taken by the Senate. It was a discouraging situation and difficult to explain to the authorities of the Porte, as by instructions I had assured them that by their acceptance of the amendments negotiations would be concluded.

In the meantime many cases arose, some of a very serious nature, regarding the protection of American citizens of Turkish origin who, upon return to Turkey, became involved in political agitation or who were accused of crimes. Ten years later, on my second mission

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to Turkey, I was instructed to renew the negotiations, but the Ottoman authorities were unwilling. We were left without a treaty of naturalization.

REOPENING AMERICAN MISSIONARY SCHOOLS

Governmental hostility to the four hundred American missionary schools in Turkey was stimulated by Russia and by the priests of the French Jesuit and Catholic institutions. The Turks were accustomed, besides, to look for sinister motives underlying the spending of so much money. The Greeks and other nations had fostered political designs there under the cover of scientific and benevolent organizations.

Before my arrival, beginning with the winter of 1885, thirty American schools were closed by the authorities. The pretexts were flimsy. Schools, it was alleged, had not submitted study programmes, text-books, and teachers' certificates to the Government. This was quite contrary to the facts.

At the same time the Sublime Porte used another method to hamper the schools. A new law was proposed by the Sublime Porte for the governing of foreign schools in the Empire. Schools, according to this law, must have the Sultan's *irade* or sanction. Such schools as did not receive this sanction within six months were to be closed by the authorities.

It was no easy matter to have this proposed law modified so as not to disturb existing schools or further development of these schools.

Though I argued the matter again and again with the Minister of Foreign Affairs and got him to permit the reopening of the schools, it remained an unexecuted promise. In order to take the promise out of the nebulous atmosphere of officialdom and make an actuality of it, I decided to visit the various consulates and confer with the missionaries on the spot. In the middle of February, 1888, I visited Cairo, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Beirût, Mersina, and Smyrna and conferred with the *valis* or governors-general of the respective provinces. I instructed the missionaries to prepare for the opening of the schools, and under my directions such schools as had been closed were immediately opened. The progressive closing of these schools since 1885 seriously threatened the existence of all the American schools, and therefore it was important to reverse the Government's policy. Secretary Bayard on May 24, 1888, wrote me as follows:

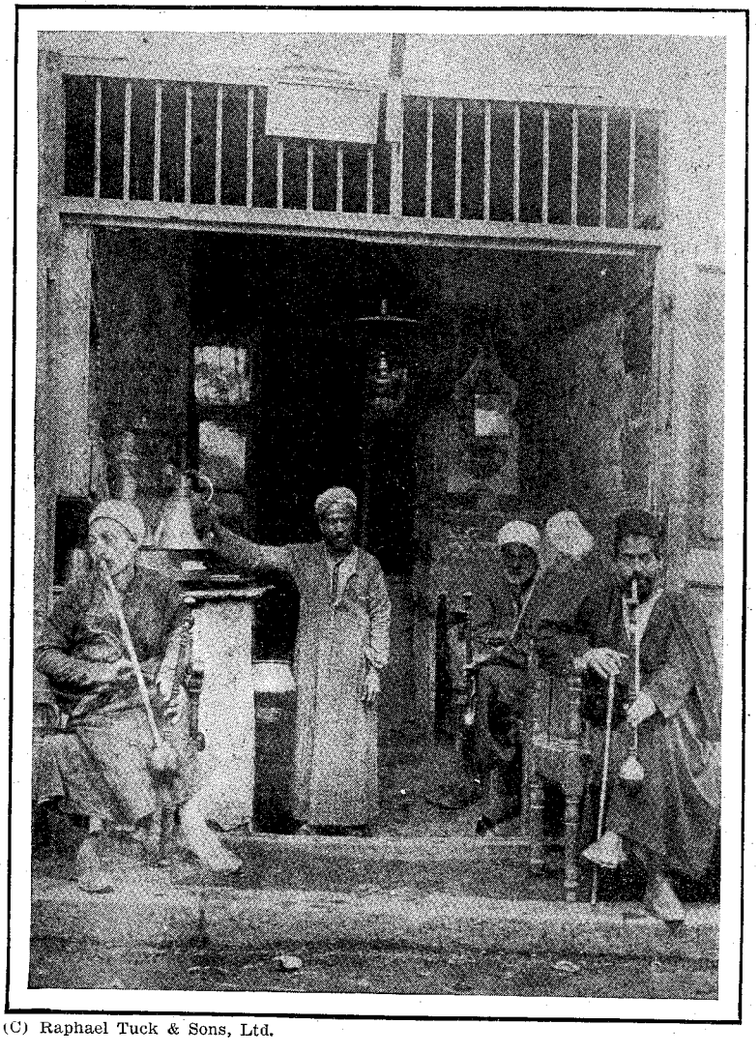
> The ability, tact, and energy displayed by you in the prosecution of this delicate and important question is deserving of the greatest credit, while the success which has finally crowned your efforts is exceedingly gratifying and entitles you to the Department's special acknowledgment.

SALE OF THE BIBLE DEFENDED

At the same time that the Turkish authorities made their drive against the missionary schools they arrested the agents of the American Bible Society and the British Bible Society who went about selling Bible tracts. These agents were known as colporteurs.

I protested against these arrests and secured the release of the agents one after the other. Then I argued for the rights of these colporteurs before the Grand Vizier, the venerable Kiamil Pasha, the most enlightened statesman of the Turkish Empire. I based the right to dispose of these tracts upon the general principles of commerce, arguing that, once the authorization of the censors for printing and publishing a book had been obtained, a prohibition of its sale was in restraint of commerce. There was no reason why different regulations should be made for book hawkers than for hawkers of any other article.

The subject being presented in this matter-of-fact way, the Grand Vizier agreed with my conclusions. Orders that no further arrests be made were issued. Those already arrested were ordered released. The British Bible Society, which benefited equally by this decision, conveyed its thanks and appreciation through my colleague, Sir William A. White, the British Ambassador.



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The smoking hour in a cafe in Cairo. At the time of Mr. Straus's visit, Egypt was still under Turkish suzerainty

A JOURNEY TO EGYPT

As I have stated, I obtained permission from the Secretary of State in March, 1888, to visit some of our principal consulates to bring to a conclusion on the spot various matters about which I had negotiated with the Porte.

My wife and my little five-year-old daughter, Aline, with her nurse, accompanied me. We took a steamer to Alexandria, and from there went to Cairo. At that time Egypt was still under Turkish suzerainty. Our Consul-General and diplomatic agent there was John Cardwell. We also had the pleasure of frequently meeting Anthony M. Keiley, to whom I referred earlier in this account. After his unfortunate experiences with the appointments to Italy and Austria-Hungary, President Cleveland appointed him one of the American judges of the Mixed or Reform Tribunal at Cairo. We saw much of him and his charming wife. He was a learned jurist and was highly respected as one of the ablest judges of the international tribunal.

I had also a pleasant conference with Sir Evelyn Baring, afterwards Lord

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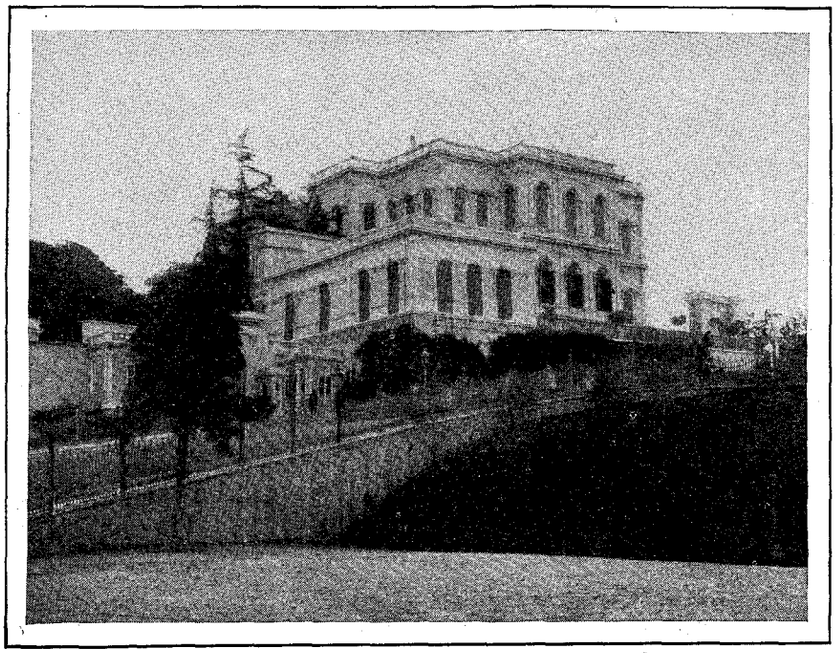

Paul Thompson

Yildiz Palace, Constantinople—"The official functions at the palace under Abdul Hamid were always dignified and punctilious"

Cromer, the British agent and Consul-General in Egypt, who was then at the height of his career in the reconstruction of Egypt. I also came in contact with Major-General Sir Francis Grenfell, Sirdar or Commanding General of the Egyptian army.

Nubar Pasha was the foremost statesman of Egypt. He was an Armenian, educated by the Jesuits in France. His general knowledge was extensive. He had the wide outlook of the European statesman of the first rank with all the subtlety of an Oriental. It was he who conceived the plan of introducing a legal system and good government into Egypt and of creating the mixed tribunals or international law courts. He acted in sympathy with Lord Dufferin's programme for the reorganization of Egypt. Consequently, he was highly regarded by the British.

The Khedive, Mohammed Tewfik, son and successor of the extravagant Ismail, of Suez Canal fame, entertained us. He was about thirty-six years of age. Without his fez he might have been taken for an Englishman. He spoke English perfectly, and his conversation showed he was well informed about the governments and peoples of Europe.

He desired to bestow a decoration upon me, but I informed his aide-de-camp that under our system our diplomatic representatives were not permitted to accept such distinction. Within an hour after my first call upon him, which was made by appointment, he, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, called upon me at the Hotel Shepheard. Next day he decorated the manager of the hotel, which, it was stated, was done in my honor.

A few days later Mrs. Straus and myself were invited to lunch with the Khedive. It was an unusual menu. The names of the dishes had been devised for the occasion, and included such oddities as "crevettes à l'Américaine," "bombe à la Lincoln," etc. I recall the Egyptian quail as specially delicious. It is larger and plumper than our quail. In season, when they migrate from the north, they are trapped in great numbers, and they can be bought in the markets for a piaster (less than five cents) each.

A CARGO OF MISSIONARIES AND RUM

From Cairo we went direct to Beirût, where, in connection with the opening of the schools, I came in close relationship with our leading missionaries.

The missionaries at Beirût of the Presbyterian Board of Missions and the members of the Faculty of the Syrian Protestant College were an exceptionally fine lot of able and devoted men. The nature of their work was not, as generally supposed, to convert Mohammedans to Christianity; the number of such converts was few and far between. Mohammedans are sincere and intense upholders of their faith, which they look upon as the one faith. They regard Christianity as inferior and less rational.

The converts were almost exclusively among native Christians, Armenians, Syrians, Greeks, and Maronites. The chief result of their work has been educational, carried forward by a religious spirit among people who have a less enlightened form of religion and among those whose form of Christianity is of a semi-pagan character. At the time of my visit, the Presbyterian Board alone had over one hundred schools throughout Syria, mostly located in places where previously there had been no schools of any sort.

Chief among the missionaries who consecrated their lives to their work I recall the venerable patriarch, the Rev. Dr. Henry H. Jessup, a man of learning, energy, and wisdom. In 1910, near the close of his career of service, his book "Fifty-three Years in Syria" was published. He gives in much detail a description of his departure from Boston in December, 1856, on the Sultana, a bark sailing for Smyrna, which had on board besides himself nine other missionaries and a cargo of New England rum. Truly it may be said the cargo was spirited as well as spiritual.

One of the missionaries aboard that interesting vessel was the Rev. Daniel Bliss, who became President of the Syrian Protestant College. I found him to be a minister and educator of the finest type. The first President of the College, he was succeeded in 1902 by his already distinguished son, the Rev. Howard S. Bliss, who continued with renewed vigor the work of his father, enlarging the scope and curriculum of the College, so that it became through its thousands of graduates in arts, science, and medicine a potent force

DRAMATIC PHASES OF DIPLOMACY

The inside stories of a number of dramatic episodes in Mr. Straus's diplomatic career are related in next week's installment of the Autobiography. Mr. Straus describes his journey to Jerusalem, where he found under arrest by the Ottoman authorities hundreds of Jewish pilgrims to the Holy City. He at once demanded the release of these immigrants, holding that they were imprisoned contrary to treaties with the United States, Great Britain, France, and other Powers, and secured their release. The distinguished autobiographer tells how he secured the Sultan's permission for American scholars to undertake important Babylonian excavations. He describes Baron de Hirsch at odds with the Turkish Government regarding railway and other concessions, and tells of the invitation extended to him by both parties to arbitrate the dispute in return for an honorarium of 1,000,000 francs, and his declination for diplomatic reasons of the astounding offer, but his willingness to sit as a mediator should the negotiations at any time require it. The story of the Sultan's farewell to America's Minister on the latter's return home is included in next week s installment.

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throughout the whole Near East. I became very intimate with the younger Bliss during my subsequent missions to Turkey, and lastly in 1919, when he was present at the Paris Peace Conference in behalf of Syria. He was then suffering from a serious malady, and died the following year in America, honored, beloved, and respected in both the Old World and the New.

While writing of these men I want to express my admiration for several other of the American educators and missionaries in Constantinople: Dr. George Washburn, President of Robert College; Dr. Albert L. Long; and Dr. Edwin A. Grosvenor. Dr. Washburn was a statesman no less than a college president. His knowledge of the diplomatic East was thorough and reliable. Bulgaria at one time was largely governed by officials who had graduated from Robert College, and they looked to Dr. Washburn as their chief adviser. The British Ambassador frequently consulted him and was much influenced by his advice. He understood the Turks and, like others of the College Faculty, spoke their language.

In the year 1888 I secured, after arduous negotiation, permission for the erection of a new building for Robert College and a house for the President. After the permission was obtained and the papers were being prepared in the office of the Grand Vizier, some enemy of the College so manipulated its permission as to strike out the permit for the addition to the College. This caused great anxiety, as the building was in process of erection. But by reason of my good relationship with the venerable and enlightened Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha, I secured for both buildings the Sultan's *irade*.

THE WIND TERROR OF THE EAST

BY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER K. C. McINTOSH, S.C., UNITED STATES NAVY

FORTY thousand Chinese have perished within the past few weeks, victims of a storm of wind and rain which swept ashore at Swatow. In 1913 thousands were drowned in the harbor of Hongkong by a similar storm. Only recently Congress was asked to provide relief for the planters of Guam, many of whom had been ruined by a hurricane. Not long ago a great passenger liner, loaded with passengers, was destroyed in the China Sea. Macao and Manila are constant sufferers from these terrible winds, and hundreds of houses are unroofed and blown down every year on the shores of the Inland Sea of Japan and the southern coast of Hondo, the largest island of the Japanese Archipelago.

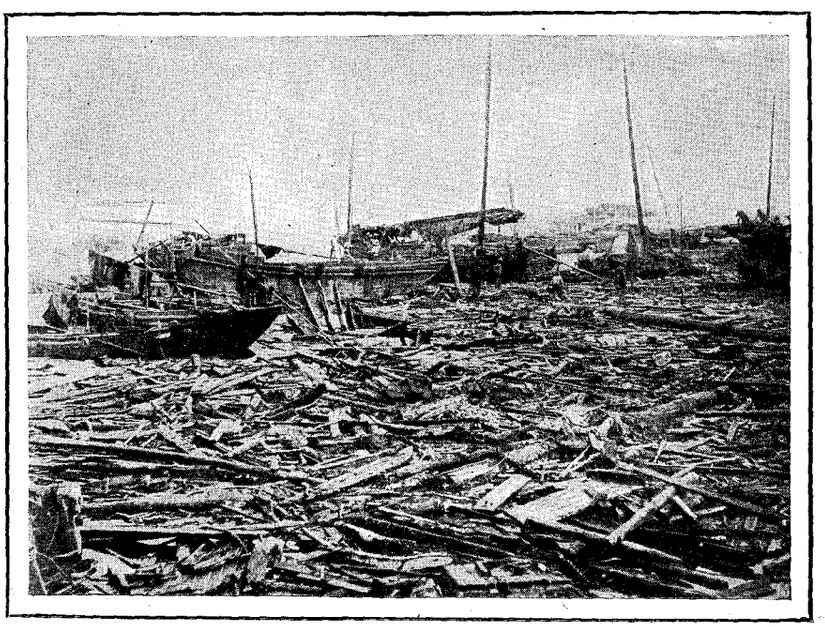
These terrific winds, called typhoons, are noticed by the world only when they cause some disaster appalling in its totals of lost life and destroyed property. They are noticed by the world *only when they come ashore*. Every year, however, seamen fight them week after week, month after month, from early June to late November. Hardly a fortnight passes in the summer and fall without its Pacific typhoon; and the most terrible of them stay at sea during their entire course.

We have disastrous hurricanes that sweep our Southern coastal States, but these hurricanes are born in the Caribbean Sea or the Gulf of Mexico. Their course is broken by islands, large and small, and the shores of the mainland are very close. A circular storm is like a rolling wheel—any little pebble or bush can affect its course and speed. A patch of woods or a moderately high hill can materially diminish the storm's force. The hurricanes which damage the coast of Louisiana and Mississippi are those which have managed to slip through the narrow channel between islands off Yucatan, and so reach our shores with their fury still immature but unhampered. In the broad Pacific there is nothing to stop them. Day after day the typhoons swing across open water, gathering speed and strength as they gradually curve northward, until by the time they reach the broad side of China they have becoming yelling, destructive giants.

Two things are necessary to start a circular storm: a quiet, sheltered, windless area and a hot sun. When these two things combine, a typhoon is invariably started. If the earth's blanket of air revolved with the earth, there would be areas of perpetual typhoon, and China and Florida would escape. However, as the earth spins it trails the air behind it, like streamers on an electric fan; and so, once started, the typhoon begins to slip to the westward, left behind by the hurrying earth. When the birthplace of the storm is surrounded at fairly close range by hills and rocks, forests and cliffs, the storm soon breaks up. When it has the open sea for a playground, it grows in size and violence, gradually drifting northward, pushed by the resisting quiet air which it is disturbing, until its strength wanes and the backlash of its own fury drives it northeast and out to sea again, dying as it strikes the cold air currents of the fortieth parallel.

The physical laws involved are the simple ones that heated air rises and that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. The hot sun beats down on the still air and overheats it. Immediately it begins to rise, leaving a partial vacuum. Cooler air from all sides moves in to fill up the depression; but air from all sides at once cannot reach it, so a whirl of air forms around the hot area as water running out of a bathtub whirls down the pipe. In this case the air whirls *up* instead of down, pulling up the sea and increasing the vacuum itself. Once firmly established, this air eddy starts to roll westward, and the mischief is on its way.

Contrary to one's first and natural conclusions, a typhoon travels very slowly—usually between five and ten



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THE WORK OF A TYPHOON AT HONGKONG

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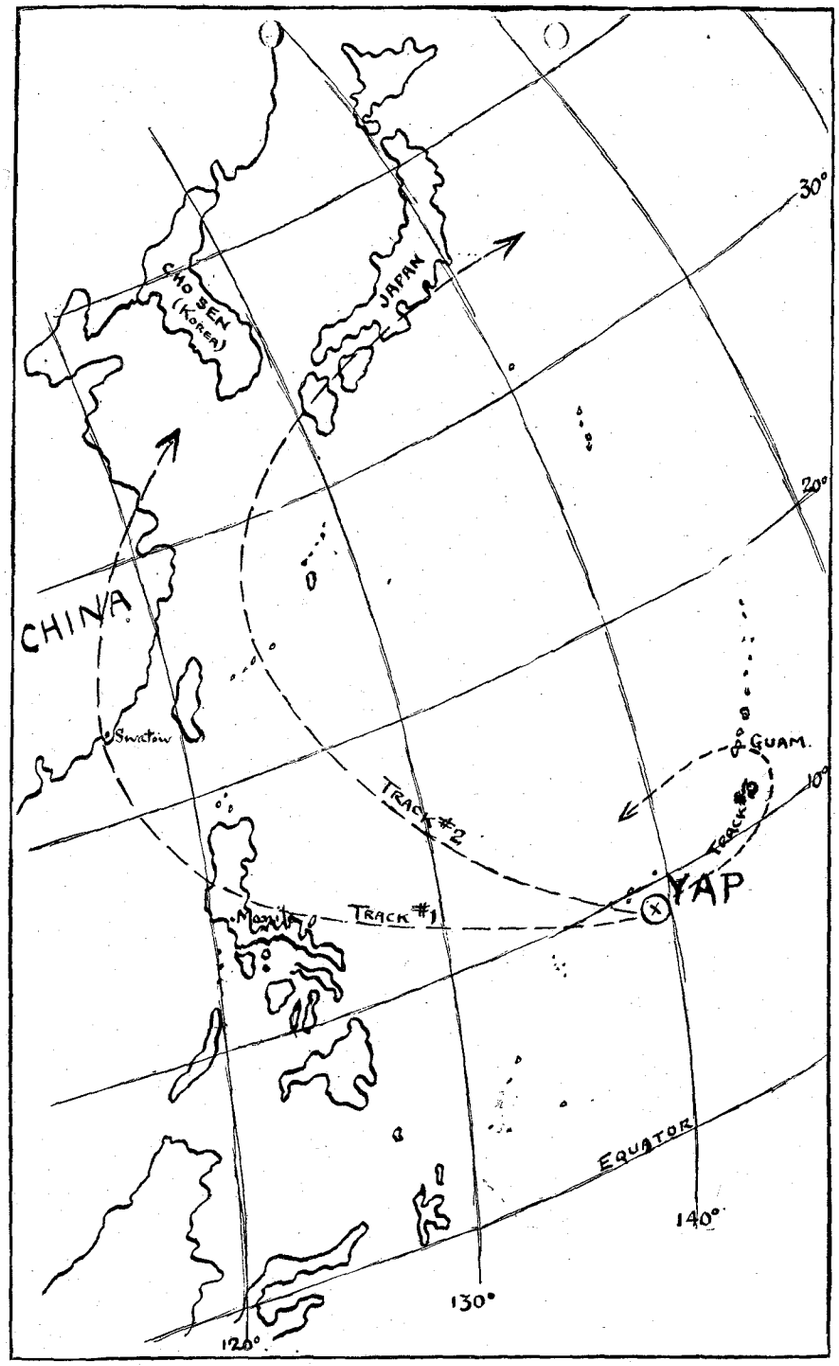

THE TYPHOON AREA

miles per hour, and practically never over eighteen or twenty. The movement of the storm itself is not dangerous. The inrushing currents of cool air, radiating from the still, empty, slow-moving center like sparks from a pinwheel, however, reach terrific speed. Their velocity is roughly the square of the rate of progress. That is, if the storm is moving *forward* at five miles an hour, the concentric winds are running twenty-five miles an hour. By the time the center has reached a speed of ten miles the whirling winds are making one hundred. The upper limit of possible velocity of typhoon winds has never been measured—the instruments blow away at anywhere from one hundred to one hundred and twenty miles. When one considers the power of such frightful wind velocities, the amount of damage done does not seem unreasonable; but when we stop to consider that as the storm center passes, the wind, which has been constant, suddenly and without warning starts to blow just as hard *in the direction exactly opposite to its former course*, the wonder is that anything survives. I have seen sturdy cocoanut trees stand for hours of the first half of a typhoon bent double, their fronds trailing out in the wind as rigid as steel rods. And with the first screaming assault of the reversed wind of the second half those same trees were ripped to splinters, solid twenty-pound green cocoanuts as big as footballs sailing down the gale like scraps of paper. The terrible loss of life in the "sampan cities" of China, where thousands of people live their entire lives in house-boats moored in regular streets and blocks along the fringes of the bays, is inevitable once the typhoon center comes near. Row after row of floating homes is hurled on the beach in a smother of stinging foam and green water; then the wind shifts and the tangled mass is carried shrieking out to sea. When a steamer's only hope is to run away, upon what can a houseboat depend for safety?

Ordinarily, whirling tropical storms do not occur before July 1 nor after November 1, inspiring the old "Western Ocean" warning of—

> June, too soon.
> July, stand by.
> August, you must.
> September, remember!
> October, all over.

An unusually warm spring or an unduly lengthened summer sometimes causes storms in June and November, and these storms, when they do occur, are often the worst of the season. These calendar limits are fixed by the semi-annual shift in prevailing winds across the two oceans. From November to June the trade winds blow briskly from east to west, and nowhere except in the Gulf of Tehuantepec, under the lee of Mexico, does a "quiet, sheltered, windless area" exist. The Caribbean and the Pacific are cool and the air is constantly moving. In May or June of each year the trades die out and the monsoon, blowing from the southwest, hot, sickly, and moist, takes its place. The mountains of Honduras and Nicaragua shelter an area large enough to breed hurricanes during this time; and to the northward of the high mountains of Borneo, ten degrees "above the line," the island of Yap lies in the hot sun, without a breath of cooling breeze until the trades come back in November. Yes, the same island of Yap which tried to brew trouble of another kind last year—Yap of the Pacific cables and the stone money. The Swatow typhoon, like all other typhoons, was born in Yap.

A wonderful old man in Manila, called Father Algué, has told the world a great deal about typhoons. His instruments are known in every weather-forecasting station. His books are on board every modern vessel; but his greatest work has been the cable service of the observatory he founded, a service which saves thousands of lives a year. Years ago, in Guam, before the first symptom of a storm developed locally we used to receive Father Algué's cables telling us of a coming typhoon, its course, and the hour and minute it would reach us. Sometimes he became personal, as in one message reading: "Tell transport Sherman to leave Apia Harbor before six o'clock to-night if she wishes to see Manila this voyage!"

Father Algué's records of storms, ex-

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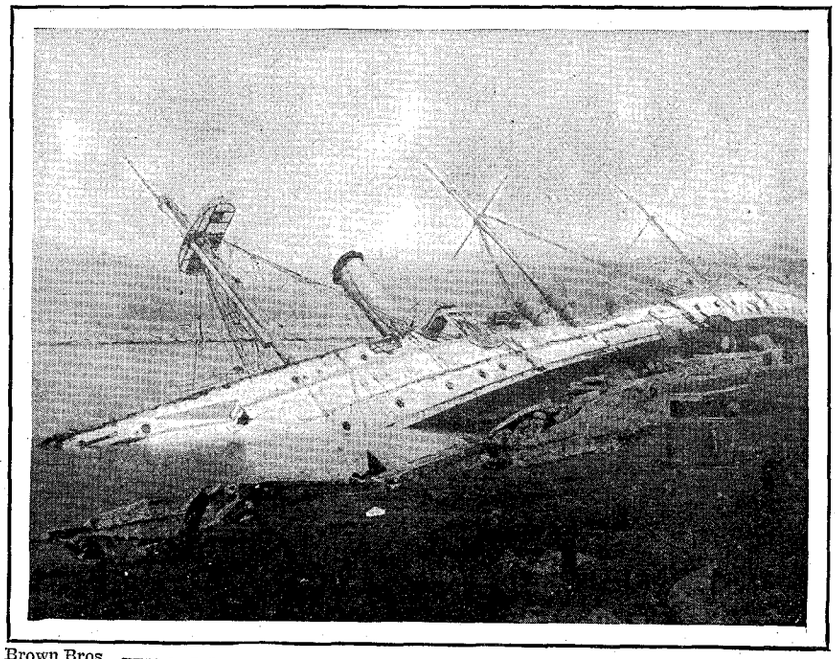
tending over many years, show that all typhoons follow three general tracks—two usual, one eccentric. Those that start slowly take an initial course nearly due west, gradually gathering headway, until by the time they have reached full power and swing sharply to the north they have also reached the Philippine Islands or the China Coast. (Track No. 1 on the chart.) If they begin violently, their full force has passed in the empty sea before they sweep across southern Hondo. (Track No. 2.) And about once or twice a year, for reasons not yet thoroughly understood, a typhoon attains its maturity too soon, goes insane, and flies the wrong way. (Track No. 3.) These maniac typhoons are short-lived, like other maniacs, and rarely last longer than just long enough to uproot the cocoanut trees from which Guam makes its livelihood.

Outwitting a typhoon is an exhausting but exciting adventure when a ship is not too close to shore—"has plenty of sea room." First of the many warnings that presage the storm is a thick, still heat. Then the wind begins to sidle about in tiny puffs, its direction veering 180 degrees in two or three minutes. The second day long, thin fingers of white cloud radiate from some one point on the horizon, like bony fingers of a giant hand, and an opaque white haze hangs in the far distance, although the sky is bright overhead. Then for two or three days the clouds, at first white, then gray, then purple black, climb steadily, massing higher and higher. The fitful gusts grow stronger, and at night you wake, straining your ears. There is nothing to hear but the palm leaves rattling in the gusts; but you have an eerie sensation that some one in the distance has screamed. By this time the islanders are watching the wind anxiously. If it keeps on shifting, well and good, for the center is passing by. If it steadies to one point of the compass and slowly rises, the storm is heading straight in the observer's direction, and it is coming from a point forty-five degrees to the *right* of the direction of the wind. The wind is tangent to the side of the center, so a steady wind means a constant bearing of the storm itself. If the shipmaster finds himself to the south and west, he need not be particularly apprehensive. He has only to keep the wind on the left side and astern, changing his course as the wind shifts, for he is outside of the storm's curve, is keeping a constant, wide angle between his course and the bearing of the storm center, and consequently, every mile he steams is a mile farther away from trouble. When he finds that his ship is inside the curve of the typhoon, however, he has an anxious time ahead of him. To try to cross ahead of the center is perilous. To go back may be to run full into it. Once caught, his only course is to slow down to bare steerage-way and keep his ship from falling into the trough of the sea, broadside to the wind. He may put out a "sea-anchor"—a triangular sail stayed out with spars, thrown over the bow and towed as his ship is blown backwards, its drag "keeping her nose up into it." In this way, if his ship is stout, he may ride through a very severe typhoon indeed.



Brown Bros. THE BRITISH SLOOP-OF-WAR PHOENIX WRECKED BY A TYPHOON

On shore of course the problem is different. One cannot maneuver his house across a thousand miles of territory to evade a dangerous wind. One can only try to make his house secure. The islander's thatched and wattled shack cannot be closed up; so the entire family work like busy ants guying up the walls like a tent. To hold down the roof, the man of the house takes ten-foot or twelve-foot sections of old bamboo, punching out the joints until he has a dozen or more long buckets about four or five inches in diameter. He ties these bamboos together with a foot or so of rope, in pairs, and throws them, open and up, across the ridgepole of his hut, until his entire roof is covered. The rain quickly fills the buckets, and the weight thus gained is sometimes enough to save the roof. With the more solidly built houses of the white men there is but one salvation—to keep the wind out of the house. Doors must be closed and bolted, the cracks stuffed with rags. Heavy, solid wooden shutters, sliding in grooves outside the windows, are closed and fastened with hooks. The wind must not be allowed to enter, for, once inside, it will explode a frame house like a bursting shell or blow the windows and roof away from a stone building. A defective lock on the massive front doors of the Kow Loon Yacht Club in 1913 gave way under the blast of a typhoon, and as the roof flew away it carried with it the ruined fragments of the finest collection of Chinese antiques in Hongkong Harbor. The interior of the building was completely wrecked.

The problem was simple in my house in Guam. It was squat and low and coral-built, and was in the lee of a high cliff. It was uncomfortable to sit for hours in the hot, wet dark of the tightly sealed house, watching the rain leak through where the gale had driven it under the tiles, but the only real sufferer was my cat. Unable to hunt for rats during the storm, she had to be fed on salmon and sardines, and it invariably gave her indigestion.

"GREEN GOLD OF THE TROPICS"

The tropics raise some things besides typhoons—green gold for instance. Newton Fuessle, in The Outlook of October 4, tells the story of a vast industry built up in our American tropics by American enterprise and American money.

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THE BOOK TABLE

SWINBURNE'S HOME LIFE

BY HERBERT S. GORMAN

THE home life of a genius is often so disappointing, so sedentary and uninspired a process of incubation that it is always wise to approach books that treat of such intimacies without too great a measure of expectation. This warning is hardly necessary to lovers of Swinburne, for his home life with Walter Theodore Watts Dunton at The Pines, Putney Hill, was no secret. Mrs. Watts Dunton's "The Home Life of Swinburne,"[1] if we except the hodge-podge of tea-table anecdotes and small talk which gives it a gossipy interest, brings hardly anything new to the subject. Watts Dunton's valiant rescue of the brandy-drinking pagan poet from a sick-bed in Great James Street and the nursing of that poet (a process that took thirty years) is ancient history. Most readers know all that they need to know about the carefully regulated days at The Pines, and, indeed, Mrs. Watts Dunton's book proves that they know all that there was to know. The whole thing formulates itself into a rapidly ossifying brain and childlike existence that assuredly was not stemmed in any degree by Watts Dunton. It is impossible to assert at this late date that The Pines did, or did not, destroy Swinburne as a great poet. It may be true that he would have destroyed himself, anyway, if Watts Dunton had left him on his sick-bed in Great James Street. Indeed, evidence would seem to favor such a theory. Mrs. Watts Dunton is furious enough about those critics who have ascribed Swinburne's lessening vitality as a poet during the last thirty years of his life to the influence of Watts Dunton. "There is no chapter in literary history," she asserts, "dealing with men's friendship more lovely; and yet envy and spite have tried to disfigure the public aspect of this sweet and sacred thing."

In the past I have leaned toward the theory that Watts Dunton's influence on Swinburne was as bad mentally as it was good physically, and nothing that Mrs. Watts Dunton has to say in this volume would seem to shake that theory. She looked upon her husband apparently as a sort of reincarnation of Alfred Tennyson's good old Victorian King Arthur. He possessed toward Swinburne what Mrs. Watts Dunton quite rightly calls "the mothering instinct." She asserts of her husband: "His anxiety for his [Swinburne's] physical welfare, his great interest in his mental output, his concern for his domestic comfort and for his amusement were beautiful to witness." "Walter," she remarks in another place, "ruled him by love, guided him by advice, and influenced him by suggestion." All this, it must be remembered, is written about him who, as Max Beerbohm once put it, "erstwhile clashed cymbals in Naxos."

Now, there have been two theories prevalent concerning the sad debâcle of Swinburne's later years. One is that the poet needed alcohol to whip his brain up to the proper point of ecstasy in order to write his greatest poetry, and this is the sole theory to which Mrs. Watts Dunton pays any attention. She is horrified at it, and quite properly so, for there is no proof that Swinburne wrote any of his greatest poetry while under the influence of alcohol. But the second theory is not disposed of so easily, and perhaps this is why Mrs. Watts Dunton ignores it. That theory is based on the premise that Swinburne's poetry fell off during his later years because Watts Dunton's stodgy mind began to permeate and influence the inspiration of the poet. Of course Swinburne would not write about Faustine again with Walter's careful eye upon him. The poet had been set down in surroundings that made such a procedure impossible. He was in a Victorian household where everything moved like clockwork. He got up and breakfasted about ten o'clock, read the daily paper, ambled about Wimbledon Common, drank a bottle of Bass at the Rose and Crown, had luncheon, an afternoon nap, wrote from four o'clock until six, read aloud until 7:45, had dinner at eight, and then retired to his library. And that for thirty years was the life of the man who shifted the values of mid-Victorian poetry! One can but regret Watts Dunton's "great interest in his [Swinburne's] mental output" and the fact that he guided the poet "by advice and influenced him by suggestion."

Nothing but gratitude can be extended to Watts Dunton for his activity in 1879, but it is to be regretted that it had to be Watts Dunton. His was a calm, moderate, machine-like, critical mind, full of the milk of human kindness, but hardly capable of intensifying the vagaries of genius. Swinburne did not live his own life at The Pines, whatever Mrs. Watts Dunton may say. The evidence is too strongly on the other side. The poet led Watts Dunton's life. In spite of the dynamic qualities of Swinburne's brain, it is obvious that he was weak and easily dominated. He had no head for practicalities, and it was easier to let other people do things for him than to do them himself. And because of this, because he took the line of least resistance, was nursed back to health and then permitted himself to be coddled for the rest of his life, we have the figure of the dapper little gentleman who would observe the picture of a baby and coo, "Oh, the little duck! Did you ever see such darling dimples? Just look at those sweet little arms! Isn't he perfect?" Mrs. Watts Dunton, by the way, sets this speech down with the utmost gravity.

Except for inconsequentialities and a number of minor anecdotes of some interest there is nothing new in Mrs. Watts Dunton's volume except the rather touching chapter recording the poet's last days. Here she does reach a certain height of poignancy, although, to be quite honest, she fumbles it through an inveterate sentimentality which makes itself manifest throughout the book. I do not remember that the last days of Swinburne have ever been so minutely described before, and it may be of some interest to set down part of Mrs. Watts Dunton's narrative. She writes:

> A nurse was stationed on the landing outside his room with the door open, for in his lucid moments it would have irritated him to see a strange woman sitting by his bedside. Walter prepared both nurses for the possibility that their presence might excite their distinguished patient to the utterance of "Elizabethan language," and requested them not to go near him except when absolutely necessary. Upstairs in his room, although by now he was gaining strength, Walter lay in bed strained and nervous, wondering what the issue would be. At intervals I would go down to Swinburne to take little messages to him from Walter. I found that he absolutely refused to allow the nurse to administer oxygen. Though he was sometimes delirious, he was conscious enough to know that a stranger was bending over him, and when she attempted to place the tube near his mouth he beat it away with his hands, crying out in an enfeebled voice, "Take it away, take it away!"
>
> But the nurse's science told her that oxygen was necessary, and accordingly Walter's influence was asked for and promptly used. Acting as Walter's proxy, I went to Swinburne's bedside and told him that Walter considered the oxygen to be akin to a sea breeze, and that it would do him all the good in the world. He opened his eyes and gladly allowed me to put the tube quite near his mouth as he inhaled the vapor without another murmur.
>
> It was painful sometimes to watch him hurl the blankets off his chest and shoulders as he tossed about in a state of high fever. No sooner had the nurse or I replaced them than he would again try to fling them off. Occasionally he would talk wildly for a long while without stopping. I remember the nurse asked me in what language he was talking. I could catch a word here and there as he muttered long sentences with aston-

[1] The Home Life of Swinburne. By Clara Watts Dunton. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

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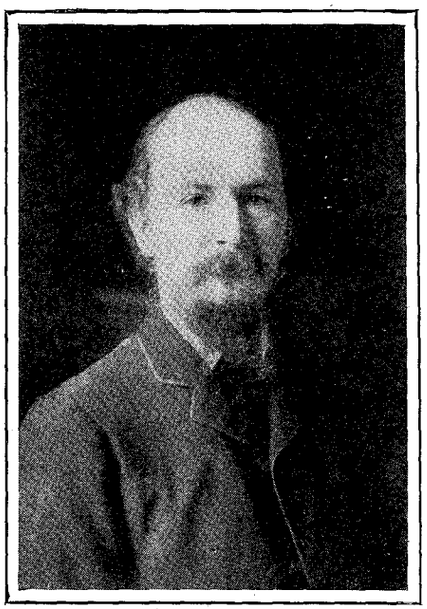
ishing rapidity, and an occasional phrase in his disjointed monologue made me guess that he was speaking or reciting in Greek.

It was in this manner, the victim of double pneumonia, that Swinburne died on the morning of April 10, 1909. It is pathetic to note that the dying poet, dreamer to the last, would take his oxygen only after it had been urged upon him as something akin to a sea breeze. He who had been a stormy petrel in his younger days never lost his passion for the sea.

The picture that Mrs. Watts Dunton draws of Swinburne as a bibliophile is pleasing, but it is hardly as arresting a portrait as that furnished some years ago by Max Beerbohm, who passed an afternoon with the poet among his rare first editions. Swinburne's passions were few, and Mrs. Watts Dunton is careful to note them all. There was Victor Hugo, for instance, and there was Dickens. Several pages are given over to a description of Swinburne as a reader of Dickens. He was a very bad reader, according to Mrs. Watts Dunton, although in later years she became rather fascinated by his delivery. It seems that Swinburne would attempt to convey character by the tones of his voice as he read, and, as the poet was far from being an actor, the attempt was generally a failure. His high falsetto voice must have been a surprising thing. Another enthusiasm was the blossoming hawthorns on Wimbledon Common, and great was Swinburne's excitement the season he wheedled Mrs. Watts Dunton into accompanying him on a trip of inspection to them. "I found that he knew each one separately and individually," writes Mrs. Watts Dunton, "as one knows old friends. He ran from one to another, jumping over the numerous intersecting dikes and ditches and giving me his hand to help me to leap over to his side. When he got to one large hawthorn of divine loveliness, he paused for a long time in front of it and drew in long deep breaths, as though he were inhaling the subtle emanation of the blossoms he so rapturously adored, and softly and repeatedly ejaculated, 'Ah-h-h!'" And of course his enthusiasms for the sea and babies are repeatedly emphasized. One chapter deals almost wholly with efforts to find a likely shore resort for the poet, and there is quite a pathetic touch in the account of Swinburne's sad discovery that he was getting too old to remain very long in the water.

Although unimportant, there is much to amuse the reader in the two chapters concerning Swinburne's fads and his difficulties as a man of business. He never would let a tailor measure him, because he did not like the idea of foreign hands traveling over his body. This necessitated all his suits being cut from the one he possessed. Checks were an abhorrence to him and he never cashed them, sometimes thrusting large ones away in odd corners, where they remained hidden for months. He was averse to carrying small coins, and this appears to be part of his aristocratic heritage, for he feared contamination from them. Christmas was a gala time at The Pines and many were the mysterious proceedings on Swinburne's part as the holiday drew near. He was meticulous in his selection of Christmas cards, and great was his delight when he discovered any with ships upon them.



From a photograph (C) by Elliott & Fry, London
SWINBURNE

Of all the people who came to visit Swinburne but one is selected by Mrs. Watts Dunton for special mention, and this proves to be the novelist F. Marion Crawford. Swinburne got on very well with him, and so too, apparently, did Watts Dunton and his wife. Mrs. Watts Dunton even mentions such trivial things as Swinburne's predilection for blue writing paper and for Samphire Soap. She informs us that his newspaper was the "Daily Telegraph," there being "too much 'We-ishness' about the 'Times.'" Although Mrs. Watts Dunton is careful to state that Swinburne was not eccentric, it is hard to resist a smile at her description of the poet's appearance. He braced his trousers so high, she asserts, that he showed several inches of white sock. "Furthermore, he had a curious prancing gait, and his deliberate way of flinging out his feet before him as he trod the ground reminded one of a dancing master or a soldier doing the goose-step."

An entire chapter is devoted to the bard's humor, but the evidences of it offered are pretty sad. For instance, Mrs. Watts Dunton covers a lot of paper describing one anecdote which culminates in the fact that Swinburne read "Walter Watts" into the obituary of "Richard Watts" in Dickens's "The Seven Poor Travelers." There is nothing brilliant in this, and as one looks through the book, observing the various remarks ascribed to Swinburne, one wonders at the dullness of the poet. We have Mrs. Watts Dunton's word for it that he scintillated at times and that his excoriations were fearsome and wonderful to hear, but there are certainly no examples of any such wit or excoriations to be discovered in the book. One cannot but reach the conclusion that the author of "The Home Life of Swinburne" has left much unsaid and has carefully selected those few tidbits of information with which she does interlard her appreciation of the poet. In no sense of the word does this volume close the door to *the* biography of Swinburne. Edmund Gosse did not do it, and neither does Mrs. Watts Dunton. Of course the hostess of The Pines is attempting no such thing, but even the ground which she has selected for herself is so meagerly scraped at as to make it imperative that an authentic history of those last thirty years be yet written. It must be remembered that she did not become a part of the menage at The Pines until the very fag-end of Swinburne's life, and much of her observation was made through the eyes of a girl, and a girl very much in love with Theodore Watts Dunton at that. It was but natural that she should have seen Swinburne through the eyes of her husband.

Certain sillinesses creep into the book. For instance, there is the gravely delivered information that Swinburne carefully folded up his napkin after a meal. Did Mrs. Watts Dunton imagine that her readers would jump to the conclusion that the poet flung it upon the floor after he had satisfied his appetite? It is easy to perceive why certain people have asserted that this volume is in bad taste. It is really not so, for the enthusiasm and undoubted love for the poet of the woman who wrote it lift it from any such quagmire. But it does have its lapses, and a rather serious one is the unconscious belittlement of Swinburne that runs through it. It is a loving belittlement, but it is insidious. It strips and presents as practically helpless a character that must have possessed many sound masculine traits. True enough, Swinburne's anger is hinted at, but, being hinted at, it is quickly slurred over. Mrs. Watts Dunton is striving to place a halo on a head that had been haloed long before she was born, and with a flaming halo that she can hardly comprehend. There is no doubt that the young pagan Swinburne gradually metamorphosed into the quaint little Victorian gentleman who never ran far from his masculine nursemaid, Watts Dunton, but there is hardly any need to rub it in so vigorously.

There is a psychological problem implicit in the career of Swinburne that will be worked out some day, and it is safe to assert that Mrs. Watts Dunton's volume will prove valuable at that time And it will prove valuable, not for the conscious information she gives, but for the unconscious betrayals which she does not perceive and never will be able to perceive.

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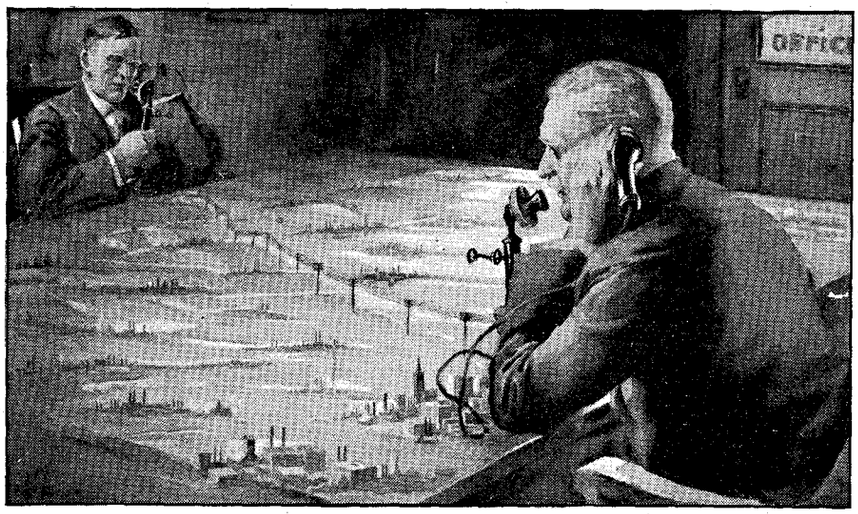

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THE PIONEER

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Long years ago I blazed a trail
Through lovely woods unknown till then,
And marked with cairns of splintered shale
A mountain way for other men;

For other men who came and came:
They trod the path more plain to see;
They gave my trail another's name,
And no one speaks or thinks of me.

Another's name my trail may bear,
But still I keep, in waste and wood,
My joy because the trail is there,
My peace because the trail is good.

MY PIECE OF GARDEN

A WHITE COTTAGE, green blinds and ivy vines. A garden filled with flowering shrubs, pink peonies, blue larkspur. There is a soft tinkle of a fountain, and a sweet, delicate fragrance fills the air. A porch shaded by elms and pines. On the porch a white-haired gentlewoman of about threescore and ten, knitting her lovely yarn of blue, lavender, pink, and yellow.

The gate latch clicked. A young girl in organdy and leghorn hat walked slowly up the cool, shady path. Her eyes were full of sorrow, perplexity. A smile of welcome, a loving kiss. "This is a wonderful place, dear Lady Lavender. 'Tis peace, perfect peace. No sin nor trouble could live in here, yet just outside greed makes the world hideous. There is so much that is wrong. I am young, my life before me, but I have no aim. Tell me, dear Lady Lavender, what can I do to help destroy this ugliness of the world?"

Patiently sat the little old lady, listening once again to the cry of the young. "What can I do? My dear child, once upon a time there lived a boy who desired great riches and power. He gained the coveted riches by advertising his wares upon huge painted signposts along highways, destroying beautiful views, disfiguring the landscape, stealing from all who passed by the beauty that might have been theirs. Stealing that which is far more precious than mere money, yet the criminal went unpunished, though truly hated, this man behind the painted signs.

"With riches in the bank, he longed for happiness and began wandering the world over hunting happiness, contentment. He built hospitals, organized uplift societies. At last he came to a beautiful gate, knocked, heard a voice say, 'Enter, stranger.' It was the sunset hour—all about was enchanting beauty; a waterfall in the distance, a stream of sparkling water. Flowers covered the ground beneath ages-old trees. 'At last,' thought he, 'I have found perfect beauty, happiness.' Then, turning, he

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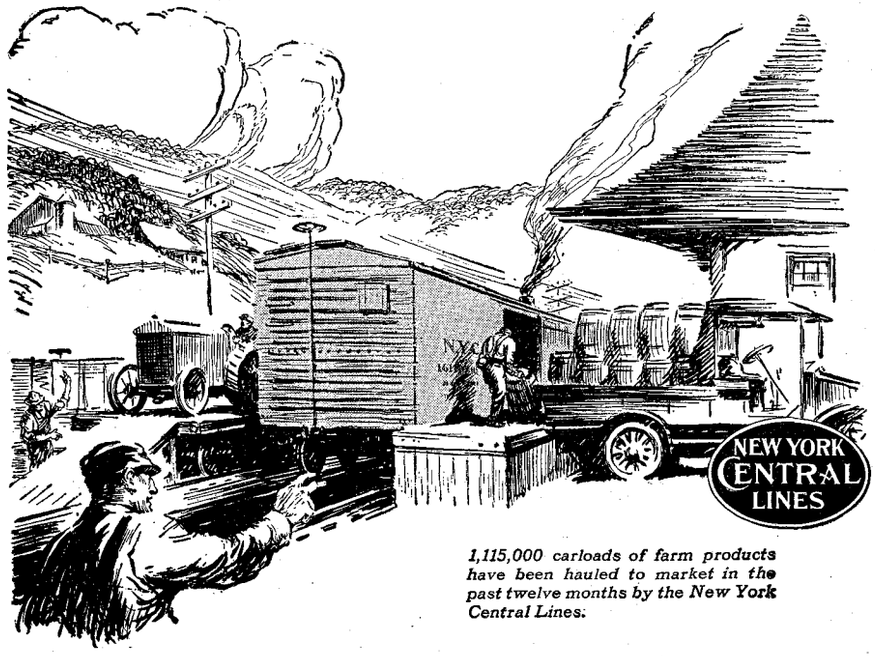
saw an ugly spot, not large, but covered with rank weeds, unsightly sand, and ant-hills. Indignantly he turned to the man by his side and said: 'Why is not this spot attended to? Why is it left to mar the garden?' 'It mars the garden far more than you know, stranger,' the man replied. 'From this miserable spot millions of weed seeds fly over the place. Hours are spent each day weeding, ever weeding; many a man, many a woman, might have had time for greater things but for this cursed spot. It has stolen hours of ease—hours that might well have been filled with nobler things. Only hard labor has saved the beauty of the garden.' 'Then why, in the name of beauty, don't you care for it?' 'That is the tragedy, stranger; we cannot. It is the law of the garden that each man must care for the piece of ground given him, his work cannot be done by another; and the man to whom this ground was given was not willing to work here; he wanted to do greater things—build hospitals, organize societies for the relief of the weary. Had he remained and attended to his ground, he might have saved many from being ill and weary.'

"The stranger flushed with indignation. 'Tell me, who is this wretch that has so neglected his piece of work that little children grow tired, men and women downhearted? Tell me the name of the man who builds hospitals and allows such carelessness as this to harm mankind.' 'John Brown, of Yorktown.' The stranger staggered, grew pale, and muttered to himself: 'John Brown, of Yorktown. My unkept piece of ground. Hours wasted undoing the work of those seeds, and I thought the task given me of no consequence; too small a piece of work for me. And here, too late, I find it's a piece of ground in the midst of beauty, destroying beauty.' His head dropped, he would have fallen but for the quick arm of the gardener. 'I am old; oh, for my youth, my strength, that I might make this spot like unto the rest of the garden, or even strength enough to clear my small piece of ground! Yes, to even leave it bare, but not, oh, not a curse to mankind!'"

The sweet-voiced woman looked up, and saw a tear in the little visitor's eye. She put her arm about her. "Shall we, dear, have tea under the trees? And now tell me about your pretty new frocks." A half-hour passed. Later the girl in organdy, with a bright, happy, contented smile, entered an old-fashioned home. She kissed the crippled father and put her arm about the gentle woman at his side. "No need, mother, darling, worrying about me any longer. I am *not* going away. I am going first to attend to my piece of the garden." She ran upstairs singing. The father turned to the mother. "Why, Peg is like a ray of sunshine to-day." "Yes, father, I feel ten years younger since she entered that door. And did you hear the happy ring in her voice when she said, 'I am not going away'? But I wonder what she meant when she said, 'I am going to attend first to my piece of the garden.'"

L. A. G.



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"CAPITAL IS INTELLIGENT"

BY PAUL TOMLINSON

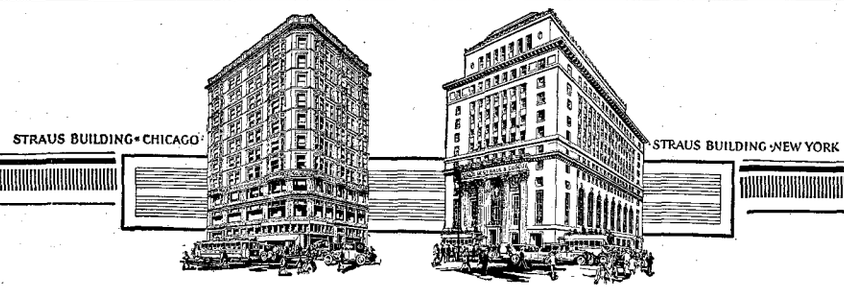
CAPITAL and labor are almost always fertile topics of conversation. The coal strike and the railway strike have brought them prominently to the fore once again, and talk of the strikes usually leads to a discussion of our whole industrial system. It is to be expected that many divergent opinions are held of the merits of capital's stand as opposed to that of the unions, and on the other side the unions' actions as they affect and are affected by capital. It is not my purpose here to express an opinion on this absorbing subject, but merely to quote an opinion I heard offered a short time ago, and pass it on to my readers for their consideration. It offers interesting food for thought.

Capital and labor were under discussion. "I don't by any means approve of all the methods and practices of either," said one member of the group. "I hold no brief for capital any more than I do for labor—of course I use the terms in their widest application—but personally I am for capital."

"Why?" he was asked.

"Because it's intelligent."

That remark is worth thinking about. No reasonable man



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can object to labor unions, for, properly run, they have in them great possibilities of good. In union there is strength, is a saying which may apply to organizations of laboring men as well as to bodies politic. But simply because a thing is inherently good is no guarantee that in practice it will work out for good. Further, it is an unescapable fact that a nation, or a business, or an individual, or an association of any kind which ignores everything but his or its own desires and wishes is due for trouble.

Labor—meaning many labor unions—has in numerous instances during the past few years pressed its own claims without regard for their effect upon the rest of the community. That is not only a selfish policy, but short-sighted, and the result has been a great loss of prestige to the unions and a sharp decline in the number of men enrolled on their lists of members.

Labor has not been intelligent, and is paying the price. Ill-advised strikes have not only alienated public opinion, but caused serious dissension in the ranks of the unions themselves. While waiting at a railway station the other day I fell into conversation with one of the company's employees. I asked him what he thought of the shopmen's strike. "My own union was on strike a couple of years ago," he said. "I was out for three months, and the only result was that at the end of the strike I was five hundred dollars poorer than when the strike started. If my union strikes this time, I resign."

Actually many union men have surrendered their cards because they are unwilling to strike themselves or pay assessments for the support of those who are out. In other words, many union men are in doubt about the degree of intelligence being shown by their leaders.

Production is the source of all wealth, strikes hinder production, and the strikers can no more escape the results than any one else. Unions in many cases consistently aim to keep down production, having the misguided notion that by so doing they are benefiting themselves, when, as a matter of fact, it is the laboring man who is the greatest sufferer from such a condition. Another assumption on which the unions are prone to act is that every man's work is equally valuable. But it isn't, and it never can be. This assumption kills the efficient man's initiative, however, and deadens his ambition. The good man earns no more than the shirker, so what's the use in trying? Any system which breeds this attitude cannot rightly be termed intelligent.

The argument may be advanced that capital is not intelligent, but merely powerful. The answer to that is that power which is not backed by brains is always of short duration, and capital has not only been powerful for a long time, but is still fairly robust even in these days of sovietism and communism and syndicalism. Capital is strong because it has recognized the existence of economic laws, while labor, to its sorrow, has frequently assumed they can be

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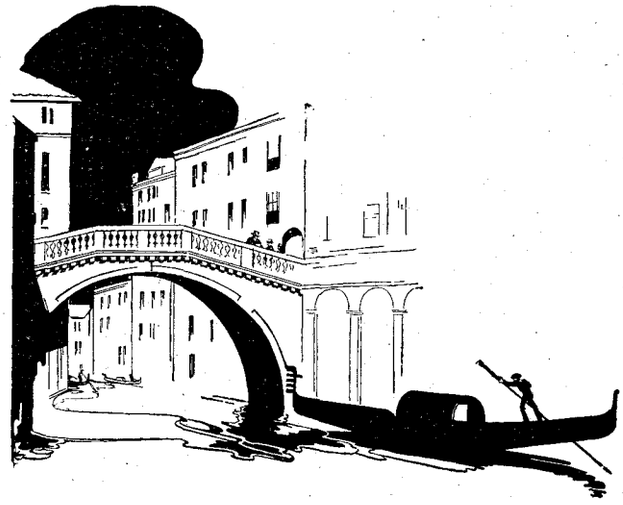

Bridges to Wealth

VENETIAN nobles of the sixteenth century inlaid their gondolas with jewels and gold—a fashion abolished by a famous edict, curbing extravagance, which stipulated that all gondolas be painted black.

Today it is not legislation that enforces careful expenditure, but the burden of increased taxes and commodity prices, and the swift changes of modern life.

Foresight points to the need of building an income for the future, which is met by systematic bond-buying, year by year. The sound basis of municipal bonds makes them a most satisfactory investment for that purpose.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

overlooked or ignored. Russia, of course, is the "horrible example" of what happens when these fundamental facts are disregarded.

Supply and demand is the basic principle on which all business is conducted. Men who conduct successful businesses must keep constantly in touch with the demand for their products and fix the supply to meet it. There is considerable agitation for year-round employment for everybody, and some day it may be possible to accomplish this. But is it fair to an employer to expect him to keep his whole force employed, when he knows he cannot find a market for the goods produced? Every one knows that at harvest time a farmer needs lots of help, but who expects the farmer to keep all of that help on his pay-roll throughout the winter when there is little work to do? Businesses also have their harvest times and their winter seasons, and their help, too, must be regulated to meet these requirements. If it is not, the business is doomed to certain failure. No employer throws men out of work for the fun of the thing; he realizes that if his plant can be operated at capacity he personally will benefit along with the others, and it is not human nature willingly to forego profits.

Similarly, most employers—capital—realize that it is good business to keep their employees contented, to pay them good wages, and furnish them with good working conditions. Supply and demand, however, must largely determine wages, and when wages are cut it is because of this economic law and not capital trying to grind down labor. All of which is bound to bring hardship upon individuals; but no workable suggestion has ever been made as to how this situation can be avoided. In our present state of development it seems impossible to make everybody happy, and the policy which does the most good for the greatest number is the best one to follow. Moreover, if any one argues that the laboring man is not well off under a capitalistic system, let him compare the condition of labor under such a system with its condition in a place where capital does not control.

Capital may not always be as generous as it might be, and yet there are hundreds of instances to prove that it is not as "hard boiled" as it is sometimes pictured. Whether the motive is philanthropic or shrewd, is beside the point. Probably it is a combination of both; but the fact remains that capital has for years been growing constantly more alive to the interests of labor and working in those interests. Which is no more than intelligent.

Many people may not agree with all these sentiments. But, I believe, most people must agree that capital is powerful whether it is intelligent or not. And its power comes from the possession of

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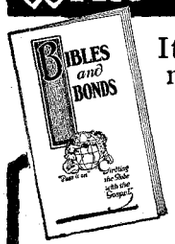

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

money. Money may be the root of all evil, but in this world, to date, nearly every man is for himself, and money is a very convenient weapon to have in the battle of modern life. Labor appreciates its value just as much as does capital, and dues and assessments are an important part of union activities. And every intelligent, far-seeing man realizes that with money—or capital—his chances for success are greatly enhanced. Intelligent use may not always be made of money, but no one can deny that it is intelligent to save and invest money. Capital, no matter how small, spells power, and power means independence, the goal of every ambitious man.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

Q. I understand that you have an investment department that gives good advice about investments. I would like to know as to what is your opinion on the South American bonds, such as Brazil, Chile, and Argentina. I inclose you $1, which I notice in your magazine is your charge.

A. This personal inquiry referring to the South American bonds issued by the Governments of Brazil, Chile, and Argentina has general interest.

Most of the South American Governments have found it necessary to finance themselves in this country and have floated bond issues, interest and principal of which are payable in dollars. Some of the South American countries have not had a particularly good record in meeting their obligations. Argentina has the best record in this respect, and we consider the Argentine bonds to be a good investment. Bonds offered by Brazil, Chile, Uruguay, and Bolivia might probably be considered a fair investment for a business man who can watch political and business developments in these countries. Most of these bonds are now selling on the New York Stock Exchange to yield from 7 per cent to 8 per cent—the high yield is a measure of the possible risk involved in holding these securities. We believe, however, that all of these Governments are becoming more stabilized and that they will make a much better record in meeting their obligations than some of them have done in the past. We therefore believe that these bonds are deserving of consideration as part of an investment fund where the bulk of one's holdings is made up of more conservative securities.

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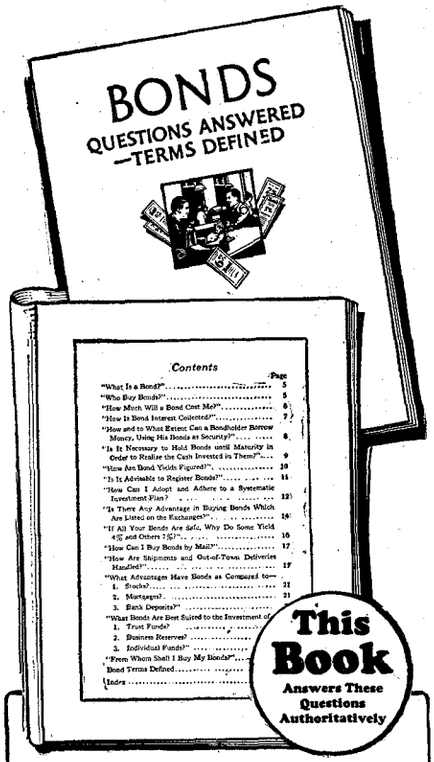

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WANTED—Young woman, governess-companion, well educated, Protestant, attractive appearance and personality, cheerful and active, able to play piano, to take care of and be companionable to two children, girl ten, boy seven, both going to school, and to take charge of household during occasional absence of parents. Previous experience secondary to ability and proper reference. Residence Boston. Good salary. Answer 2,166, Outlook.

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EXPERIENCED governess to teach boy 7, and physical care of girl 4½. State age, method of teaching, experience. References. Connecticut summers. Florida winters. 2,147, Outlook.

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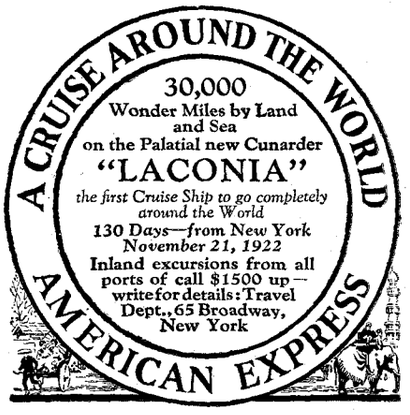
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Inland excursions from all ports of call $1500 up—write for details: Travel Dept., 65 Broadway, New York
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WOMAN with business, library, and teaching experience desires position in or near New York City. Is accurate, resourceful, and efficient. Has good health and enthusiasm for work. Special qualifications are compiling statistics, installing card and loose leaf systems, business filing, indexing, cataloguing, and library economy. 2,162, Outlook.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COMPANION to young girl. Assist with studies. Half time. 12 years' experience. Excellent references. 2,115, Outlook.

CALIFORNIA—Young woman in social work will chaperon young person or take invalid to the coast. 2,119, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as housemother or chaperon in boys' school or club. 2,134, Outlook.

COMPANION, chaperon. Widow of refinement and ability desires position. No encumbrances. Would travel. 2,154, Outlook.

WANTED October 16—Position as nurse-companion to semi-invalid or elderly lady. Highest references. 2,153, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper by experienced woman of ability, education, refinement. Pleasing personality. Last position held eight years. 2,168, Outlook.

REFINED lady desires light employment. Executive ability. No close eye-service. Address 2,171, Outlook.

POSITION as traveling companion or governess; usual subjects, languages, swimming, riding. Kathleen Cowgill, Easton, Md.

YOUNG Scotsman desires position as valet-secretary or companion-secretary. Excellent character. Willing to travel. 2,174, Outlook.

CAPABLE, refined American lady desires position in Christian home in New York City or suburbs, as companion-housekeeper or mother's helper. 2,175, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman would like position as companion. Will travel. References. 2,158, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

REFINED, well educated French woman desires position as governess to children or useful companion. Is accustomed to traveling, good sewer. Country preferred. Best of references. Mlle. O. Vernon, care Mrs. G. A. Cluett, Williamstown, Mass.

VISITING tutor-governess to children over six. German, French, piano. 12th year. Prepare for regents. 2,116, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY graduate desires winter position tutor, companion, secretary or governess, traveling or in Cleveland, Ohio. 2,159, Outlook.

GOVERNESS or companion desires position, children over five. Beginners' French, music. References. 2,165, Outlook.

YOUNG man, teacher, experienced, college graduate, desires position in religious or private school. Primary, intermediate, or high school subjects. Protestant; highest references; moderate salary. 2,176, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

UNIVERSITY educated woman, Polish-American, would take two or three children to board and instruct on her farm estate. Loving care. References. Marcela Geiazdinska, Wallkill, N. Y.

PAPERS on all subjects outlined or written. Current clippings and poems supplied. Miss Katherine C. Post, M.A., 70 West 13th St., Holland, Mich.

FOR sale, $25, complete I. C. S. Advertising Course. E. S. Harper, 222 E. 9th St., Plainfield, N. J.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

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FRENCH gentlewoman would accept American girls and boys in her Riviera home (Nice) for winter season. Studies supervised. Refined home. Excellent references. Lord Vernet, Flint Postal Station, Fall River, Mass.

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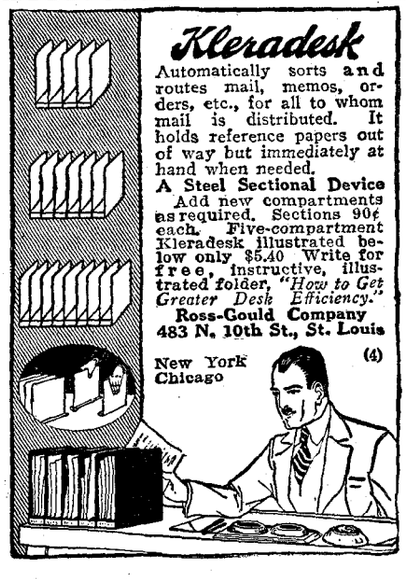

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BY THE WAY

Some tourists tell stories of unpleasant experiences in Europe, and the "Ocean Ferry" finds pleasure in offsetting these by relating the following incident: "A steward on the liner Lapland following the ship's arrival at Antwerp found a large roll of American bills under a pillow. He promptly took it to the purser, who found it totaled $750. The two men hastened to the pier and found the woman who had occupied the stateroom just entering a taxicab. She was astonished to find that she had left her money behind, and, accepting it with thanks, entered her cab and departed without mention of reward. The steward was commended by the management."

"There is a gratifying note to most of us," says the "Ocean Ferry," "in the statement made by the chief steward of the Majestic to the effect that bacon and eggs hold their own against fashion on board the Majestic and lead in popularity as a breakfast dish, while apple pie is the most popular dessert at lunch." Thus all the frothy invention of French chefs beat in vain against the rock-ribbed conventions of the Anglo-Saxon and his American collaterals.

A Visitor from the home of baseball (reported by London "Punch"): "Well, I'm glad I've seen cricket. I've seen St. Paul's and the Abbey, and they are good goods. But when it comes to hush and the subdued atmosphere, old cricket got 'em beat."

A man recently left his glass eye in a New Jersey hotel where he had stopped and wrote to the manager asking its return. The manager sent the lost article back and said that it was the first eye he had found since the hotel opened. Articles most commonly left by guests, he added, are pajamas and nightgowns, of which he has a choice collection awaiting their owners' return. Other things frequently left behind by travelers are jewels, umbrellas, canes, brief cases, and razors.

Bishop Candler, of Atlanta, condemning a certain theological controversy, said he was reminded of the colored preacher who began a sermon, "Bred'ern and sistern, when de fust man Adam, was created, he was made outen wet clay and set up 'gainst the palin' to dry." A dissenting member of the congregation arose and said, "Pawsin, Adam was de first man, den who-a made de palin's?" "Bre'er Simpkins, set down," said the parson disgustedly "sech fool questions as yourn would upset any system of theology."

The Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad will celebrate on October 10 the seventieth anniversary of the operation of its first passenger train. The Rock Island was the first road to reach the Mississippi River, building into the city whose name it carries in 1854. Originally only forty miles long, the system now controls eight thousand miles of railway in fourteen States.

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